C. XXXIII

THE CONSPIRACY OR THE CHANGE OF Government.

A TRAGEDY

Acted at his Royal Highness the Duke of *York's*

THEATRE

Frances St John

Written by Mr. *WHITAKER.*

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PROLOGUE.

Gallants, in this good Godly time of Lent
I am come forth to bid you all repent:
You Sparks I see have got a pious notion,
And put on black to show your great Devotion.
But lest you should mistake what I intend,
Let me tell you your faults, and how to mend.
First, leave to shew your Valour *in the* Pit,
Leave Railing *at* Great Men *to show your* Wit.
With Vizard-Masks *leave your Lewd* Rallery,
Leave your Disturbance *in the* Midle-Gallery.
Leave all your Jests *of* Bant'ring *and* Dumfounding.
Leave alwayes Duelling *and* never wounding.
Leave coming *here, when you do not intend*
To see the Play, but pick up a She friend.
Leave Sharping *for your selves, and pay your* Guiney
For Procuration there — to Honest Jenney.
And for the Men *of* business *in the Nation,*
Let them begin a Thoro Reformation.
Let 'em leave Faction, Jealousies *and* Fears.
Leave setting us together by the Ears.
Let Corporations *leave* Petitioning,
And learn all due Allegiance *to the* King.
Let Politicians *too not be so* hot
To swear that a Spring-tide's *a* Popish-Plot.
Do not too eagerly that scent persue,
Least hunting an Old Plot *you* make *a* New.
Leave your provoking Cæsar *and his frowns,*
Leave crossing Birth-Rights *and disposing* Crowns.
Leave Englands *ancient glory so to* wrong,
As naming Princes *with irreverend* tongue:
Tho Forreigners *and* Enemies *they be,*
Forget not what is Due *to* Majesty.
Whilst brutishly those Titles we profane
The World does think we are turn'd Picts *again.*
Consider well, and then you'l be, I hope,
So civiliz'd, as scarce to burn the Pope;
But if you will go on, make this Addition,
Burn too the Rump *and* Westminster Petition.

The

The Actors Names.

IBrahim, *the Sultan.*
Mahomet, *his Son — a youth.*
The Mufti, *or chief Prieſt.*
Solyman Aga, *chief Eunuch.*
Kuperli.
Ipſir.
Oglar, *enamour'd with the Queen.*
Meleck Hamet, *the grand Vizier a Traytor.*
Bectas, *a Rebel.*
Kara *and* Kulcaiha. } *his adherents.*

WOMEN.

Kioſem, *the Queen Mother.*
Formiana, *the Sultaneſs.*
Flatra, *the Sultans Siſter.*
Lenteſia.

Guards, Officers, Souldiers, and other Attendants.

THE

THE CONSPIRACY OR, Change of Government

ACT the I. SCENE I.

Enter Sultan, *and Young Queen*, Kara, Kulkaiha, Oglar, Solyman, Mufty, Ipsir, Kuperli, *and Attendance.*

Y. Queen. THus far my fortune has my thoughts out-run,
And Fate has finish'd all my hopes begun:
I've joys unsought and unexpected found;
My vainest wishes with success are Crown'd:
So large an Empire, and a Lord so great,
Kind in your Love, and glorious in your Seat,
A hopeful Prince sprung from your Royal bed,
And born so great a Monarch to succeed,
Are more then Common blessings; known to few:
Such only our great Prophet could bestow.

Ibr. Those blessings he by fair *Sultana* sent;
He was the Author, Thou the Instrument.
Had he not grac'd my Crown with such a Gem,
I should have scorn'd his worthless Diadem:
And were I poor, yet I in thee alone
Shoud find an Empire Scepter and a Throne.

Y Queen. Your love my Lord's above the common rate,
As though it were proportion'd to your state:
Thus you my safety and my Glory are:

Not to be match'd in kindneſs, or in war.
And yet I tremble ——————————
Ibr. —————————— What, when I am here?
It would be ſin in any but in her.
Can *Formiana* danger apprehend,
That has me for her Champion, and her Friend?
Fear in the breaſts of Cowards only lies:
Hazards to them, to us are Victories.
T. Queen. Women, you know, are Childiſh; ſo am I:
Alas! I fear I know not what, nor why.
And yet to give my trembling heart it's due,
The Fears it entertaines are all for you.
Full of diſquiet are my dayes and nights;
And every thing I ſee, but you, affrights:
My fancy does ſuch laſting terrours make,
As what I dream aſleep, I ſee awake.
Ibr. Your cauſeleſs fear 'tis pity to reprove,
Becauſe it is the product of your Love:
And yet, fair Princeſs, you wou'd ſeem t' expreſs
A greater kindneſs, were your terrour leſs.
T. Queen. I ſhou'd be glad to have it made appear,
That I have entertain'd a cauſeleſs fear:
Then let the world my over fondneſs blame;
I wou'd exchange ſuch grief for ſuch a ſhame.

Death appears.

See the grim Skeleton appears again!
Look, my dear Lord! Now did I fear in vain?
Speak ugly Monſter, who thou art or whence;
Say who th' offender is, and what th'offence.
Ibr. Alas! my Queen, how fearful you are growne!
Tis nothing but a fancy of your own:
Like Children left in darkneſs, you create
Th' Aery nothing, which you tremble at.
Shew it, deſcribe it, tell me what 'tis like ——
Will it be ſtrooke? or has it power to ſtrike ——?
T. Queen. Alas, my Lord, provoke it not too far;
See, it erects an Inſtrument of War:
Look now my Lord, it beckons you to come;

And

And ſeems as if it call'd you to a Tomb;
But I will interpoſe 'twixt you and it.
Here, take me — he's not ready for thee yet.
Ibr. Kind Innocence! come, lay a ſide thy fear;
Foes cannot hurt that are afraid t' appear.
Who dares but tremble, when I draw my Sword?
Where is this ſhadow now — *T. Queen.* O my dear Lord,
It flies! It flies! but do not you perſue;
It only came, It only ſtay'd for you.
Ibr. Come, come my dear, indeed you are in fault
To cheriſh thus a vain and empty thought.
Well now i hope tis gone — *T. Queen.* No, Royal Sir,
Still in the door it ſtands and will not ſtir;
Hold my dear Lord ——

Ibrahim brandiſhes his Sword and goes toward the door, the Queen Swounds.

Ibr. ——————— Hence bold intruder, hence,
And ſtay not to diſturb her innocence.
I nothing ſaw, and yet methinks the mirth
Of my calme ſoul is damp't with ſmells of earth:
Moiſt vapours riſe as from ſome Vault or Cave;
Sure ---- I am in a Charnel houſe or Grave:
My dear *Sultana* Dead! help there within;

Enter Guard and Attendants men and women, who rub the Sultana *and raiſe her.*

O my fair Princeſs ſpeak! Look! breath! ſhe's dead! } *Breath*
Perhaps her ſoul is to my boſome fled; } *on her*
Here, prithy take it, take mine in its ſtead;
I think ſhe lives in part, here take the reſt,
Let me transfuſe my Soul into thy breaſt.
Conduct her to her bed, and there I'e try
To ſigh till ſhe recovers, or I die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kara *and* Oglar.

Kara. But prithee to the buſineſs with the Queen;

Come, come, I know you have ſucceſsful been.
Ogl. No faith, ſhe's vertuous obſtinate and Chaſt;
I but in vain my time and ſpirits waſte;
So ignorant ſhe was and Inocent,
She hardly knew what my addreſſes meant.
Kar. And what ---- where you ſo wiſe
To make her chaſt by crediting her lies? [*Laughing at him.*
Or did you look for one ſo confident
As ſoon as askt to give you her conſent?
Pugh, you'r a Noviſe ———————
I know ſhe loves you, and if any thing
Debar her kindneſs -- 'tis the jealous King.
Og. O do not my diſtorted ſoul perplex!
I tell you ſhe's the wonder of her Sex.
Kar. ---- What did ſhe ſigh -- bluſh -- and proteſt
ſhe'd tell the King. ——————— [*Laughing again.*
Og. I all! ———————
Kar. Then 'twas in jeſt:
Try her agen; for if ſhe will endure
Once to be tempted, ſhe's your one ſecure.
Og. --- I have it -- fancy to my mind has brought — A happy — *Kara* — 'tis a happy thought: — Il'e do't as ſure — dear friend I cannot ſtay: Love like a whirl wind bears me ſwiſt away. [*Oglar ſtudies with himſelf.* [*Exit* Oglar

Enter Kulchaia to Kara. *Exeunt.*

Kul. Well what ſayes *Oglar?* ——
Kar. Why the traine has took;
He bit ere I had time to bate the hooke.
I nam'd the King and ey'd him all the while:
O how his blood through every vain did boile!
Kul. He can his thoughts on nothing now imploy,
But how the jealous *Sultan* to deſtroy.
So what his humour near inclind him too,
His Paſſion for the Queen will make him do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Kioſem *and* Bectas.

Bectas. Madam, your inclinations are ſo good,
I hope I need not prompt your hands to blood.
Since *Ahmet*, *Oſman*, and *Morat*, are gone,
Tis only *Ibrahim* keeps you from a Throne.
Kio. Fly naughty man! what kill my only Son?
'Tis ſuch a crime I bluſh —
To have it nam'd much more to have it done.
Bect. Sure Madam you forget you are with me;
Twas I that help'd you muder th' other three.
Kio. With *Bectas* ſtill! I Vow I thought I'de been
With the fond *Sultan* and his Godly Queen ——
Yet he's my Son, and ſhe is Innocent ——
Twou'd look Romantick if I ſhou'd relent.
What? kill a Prince to whom I am ally'd,
To pleaſe my luſt and ſatisfie my Pride?
The honour due to th' Majeſty of Kings
Shou'd teach a pious Woman better things.
Bect. Nay I confeſs tis a fine tale to tell,
An Empreſs loſt a Crown for fear of Hell.
E'ne turn Religious and confeſs your faults,
And end your dayes in Grottoes and in Vaults.
Kio. Poor *Bectas* how thou'rt troubl'd to believe
That I ſhou'd ever for paſt miſcheifes greive!
No, no, for while old Murders we reveiw,
By them we cut out patterns for the new:
As ſkild Anotomiſts learn by their art
The neareſt and directeſt way to th' heart.
Bect. Tis bravely ſaid! you are unwomand now,
Your beardleſs chin belyes your manly brow.
Fate, fortune, honor, Majeſty attend
Expecting which you pleaſe to make you'r friend.
The Empire for its rider growes too ſtrong,
And wonders you its guide ſhou'd ſtay ſo long.
Kio. The Empire ſhou'd not want a Guide tis true,
— Stay let me think — Ive nothing elſe to do.

Bell. as do you to the Seraglio haſte,
And tell the *Sultan* he has raign'd his laſt.
If he ſhou'd ſeem offended when you come,
Tell him Ile take his place, tis troubleſome:
Perhaps he'l make reſiſtance — — —
Bell. What fate for the young Queen have you decreed?
Is it not fit ſhe and her Son ſhould bleed?
Kio. Alas! when he is dead, you'le find ſhe'l crave
The favour to be buried in his grave.
And for the Unfledg'd Imp of Majeſty,
For want of Drams to cheriſh him, he'l dye:
But if they live, th' encreaſe our Glory ſtill;
More fame we gain the more we have to kill.

Enter a Janizary.

Janiz. Madam, a Meſſenger come from the King.
Kio. He may come in, but — what meſſage can he bring?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Madam, my haſt will ſcarce afford me breath
To tell the news of the Queens ſudden death.
Kio. My Daughter dead! Hence ugly ſcreech-owle Hence;
To bring ſuch news to me is an offence;
Fly thou ill Omen! we by nature hate
Plagues, and all common Meſſengers of fate;
But art thou ſure ſhe's dead? why doſt thou Muſe?
Meſ. It may be dangerous to confirme the news.
Kio. It ſhall not by the Alcoran, I ſwear;
Thy doleful tale I am prepar'd to hear.
Meſ. Madam, for proof of the ill news I bring,
At firſt, I heard the whole Seraglio ring
With mournful ſhouts and doleful cryes; that done,
A ſilent horrour in the Court begun.
Kio. Well, prithee to the buſineſs, is She dead?
Meſ. Her copied death in every face I read.
A gaſtly paleneſs hung on every brow;
I askt whence the diſorder came, or how?
But all in dumb confuſion ſtood amaz'd,
And ſtead of anſwering only ſtalkt and gaz'd.
Kio. My labouring ſoul delay not to releive,

Tell

Tell me's ſhe dead that I may fully greive.
Meſ. Madam, at length I to the preſence went,
Which ſtill I found more full of diſcontent;
Having entered, Madam, there I found
The Queen was fallen into a deadly ſwoun,
So that tis thought all hopes of life are paſt:
Kio. What's her death come to ſwoun's and thoughts at laſt?
[*Aſide.*
Meſ. Madam, your preſence will be welcome there,
She may recover yet with timely care
Kio. Alas, how you revive my dying heart!
If all the helps of induſtry or art
Will ſave her life — my Poyſons I will bring; [*Aſide.*
Carry my anſwer Quickly to the King. [*Exit Meſ. bowing.*
Bect. Madam, we now a happy time may find
To bring about the miſcheifs we've deſign'd.
For while the Court is fill'd with this affright,
The *Sultan* to the Garden I'le invite;
And there a Guard of ſturdy Mutes ſhall watch
To give his hated life a quick diſpatch.
Kio. But charge 'em *Bectas*, it be gently done;
I wou'd by no meanes have 'em hurt my Son.
Bect. Puh! they ſhall do it with ſuch ſuddain care,
He'l be in Heaven before he is aware.
Kio. But now you talk of Heaven — in our way
We'l take the Royal Moſch, and there we'l pray
For divine helps and bleſſings from above,
Endeavours elſe will unccesful prove.
Bect. Nay, if thus tedious you'l begin,
I yeild our Religion is the way to ſin;
But here the path is eaſie, where one Mute
Can all the wayes of Providence confute:
Into their hands deliver *Ibrahim*,
Then neither Heav'n nor Hell can reſcue him. [*Exeunt:*

Enter Meleek, Hamet *and* Flatra.

Fla. Urge me no further, I can hear no more

I muſt forgoe the vows I made before;
My Mothers cruelty purſues me ſo,
I muſt my promiſe and my Love forgoe.
Mel. O my beſt wiſhes! all my ſenſes lie!
Can *Flatra* thus her love and faith deny?
Forgoe your promiſes of being mine:
Can falſhood dwell in natures ſo Divine?
Tis falſe it cannot! Madan ſpeak agen,
Not the ſame words, but tell me what you meane.
Fla. My meaning and my words are ſtill the ſame,
Both free from guilt and ſhou'd be ſo from blame;
Tis the Queen Mother does the day deferr,
So that the fault is not in me, but her.
Mel. Has ſhe the power our nuptials to protract?
You'le anſwer for the Crimes you make her act.
Fla. What Impudence is this? ſure you forget
Your diſtance, we're not ſo familiar yet. [*Scornfully.*
Why is not this the *Vizier*? yes tis he?
Who made you judge of crimes in her or me.
Fond man! a Princes actions muſt be good;
When they ſeem ill they are not underſtood.
Mel. A ſtrange ſurprize unravels all my joyes!
And doubts ſucceeding all my hopes deſtroyes!
Where am I? do I dream 'tis *Flatras* face?
Though ſpoil'd a little of its native grace,
Madam twas you that gave and fed my flame:
View me, I by your own appointment came.
This was the day, wherein your ſelf you ty'd
With plighted Faith and Vowes to be my Bride.
Fla. Yes, Faith and Vowes are pretty things to bind
The wills of Princes, when they change their mind.
Let th' unſtable Crowd b' oblidg'd by vowes,
Empire no ſuch Ignoble tie allowes.
Our Will's our Law, and whenſoere we pleaſe
We alter or aboliſh our decrees.
Once I had thought t' admit you to my bed;
But now perhaps I'de rather have your head.
Mel. Is death and your diſpleaſure the reward

Of him that has ſo oft ſo boldly dar'd
What you commanded ——————
Fla. ——————— No, it was your pride,
You'd have the *Sultans* Siſter for your bride : [*Scornfully*
But pray what great Atcheivements have you done
To make you think my favour you had won ?
Mel. Rebelions, Murders, Rapines, Treaſons were
The early duties of my infant care,
Vows cou'd not ſtop my miſchiefes in their ſource,
The Alcoran oft loſt 'its holy force
When you commanded ; for my actions ſtill
Took all their Laws and meaſures from your will.
Fla. The Laws were good, the meaſures adequate,
The'r fit to guide our deeds who guide our fate,
And you, who at my pleaſure ſtand or fall,
Muſt live my ſlave, or muſt not live at all.
Mel. What a prevailing terrour does there ſit
On her Majeſtick brow ? I muſt ſubmit.
Madam, why call you anger to your aid ?
That face in ſmiles cannot be diſobey'd ;
Traitors and Rebells to your matchleſs name
Should feel the horrour of your wrath and flame ;
Not thoſe who pay their dayly ſacrifice
To the fair Idols of your Godlike eyes.
Fla. He's caught and yeilds to that all conquering frown [*aſide.*
Slaves in deſpair are fit t' attempt a Crown :
Well *Meleck Hamet* though yo've done me wrong
I'm too good natur'd to be angry long, [*Smiling.*
Muſt I then pardon this perfidious man ? [*Frowning.*
No, I'm reſolv'd to hate him — if I can : [*Sighing.*
Unhappy *Flatra* ! muſt that treach'rous breath
Betray thy love that ſhou'd pronounce his death ?
You've ſeen my weakneſs now you'd beſt rebell,
Ungrateful man ! I love you but to well.
Mel. Whence do theſe doubts and theſe diſorders grow ?
Men by their actions their obedience ſhew,
And by that meaſure you can never have,
A more ſubmiſſive, or more grateful Slave.
Fla. Men prize themſelves ſo much on actions paſt,
That they take us for debtors at the laſt.

Thus far your deeds have worthy been, 'tis true,
But, 'ere you win me, you have more to do.
Mel. To do or ſuffer, be it what it will,
I'm Equally prepar'd to dye or kill;
Nothing ſhall dare t' oppoſe my force, this hand
Takes ſtrength and warrant both from your command:
Such active Vigour does my heart inflame,
I dare do any miſchief you dare name.
Fla. Bravely reſolv'd, dare you be Emperour?
Mel. I dare attempt it with, or without power.
Fla. No man wants power, that nobly does reſolve,
The right of Rule and Empire will devolve
On any head that does but reign:
Crowns, when they change their ſtock, new vigour gain.
Mel. Madam, with all ſubmiſſion here I ſtand,
Hoping you'l add advice to your command;
And if I faile the Voyage to performe,
At leaſt I'le periſh nobly in the ſtorme.
Fla. You talk in vain of periſhing, Alas!
We without danger this red Sea may paſs;
The *Janizaries* of out party are,
And *Kioſen* the Empire hopes to ſhare;
The diſcontented *Saphees* are our friends,
All plot the *Sultan*, all for different ends,
If therefore in this juncture of affaires,
We joyn our ſubtlety and power with theirs,
His deſtiny we may with ſafety act,
Since thouſands will be proud to own the fact.
Mel. But they ſhall ſteal from me the vice they own;
I am a Jealous — Rival — Sinner grown,
And ſince I'm Authoriz'd by your command,
He lives a debtor only to this hand:
Let Mutes and *Janizaries* leave their trade,
For they that Murder him my right invade.
Fla. Brave *Melek Hamet*! what you have deſign'd
Becomes the greatneſs of your birth and mind;
Let nothing now your quick reſolves retard,
My favour is the leaſt of your reward:
The moment that you prove the *Sultan* dead,
You challenge the enjoyments of my bed.

Mel.

Mel. Such a reward, what can it not inſpire?
Courage in fooles, in Eunuchs ſtrong deſire;
At your command, if I durſt do ſo much,
What can I ſtick at when your Guifts are ſuch?
Ile boldly go like Prieſts to ſacrifice,
For none can blame the deed that knows the prize.
[*Exit* Melek, Flatra *looking after him.*
Fla. Raſh, Loving fool go peirce the *Sultans* breaſt,
He grows too lazy, and takes too much reſt.
Ambition! what a powerful God art thou?
To thee the beſt and mightieſt Monarchs bow;
Thy nature is immenſe, and knows no bounds,
Thy unconceivable Idea drowns
My ſerious thoughts; I by thy power alone
Murder my Brother to enjoy his Throne.
O I am ſtung! I ſwell! I muſt away!
Perhaps, the Court my torments may allay;
Amongſt the Crow'd my pain may be transferr'd:
So wounded Deer for eaſe fly to the Herd. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Sultan *and* Bectas.

Sult. COme, Come, there's more than fancy in her dreams:
Fancy does uſe to gloſs on common Theams,
But ſhe in ſleep does ſuch nice points diſcuſs,
As wakeing would become the beſt of us:
In all her thoughts ſuch miſtery there lies,
They ſeem not to be dreams but Propheſies.
Bect. Whom, Royal Sir, or what do they concern?
Sult. They teach us more than we deſire to learn;
Our Subjects pride, and danger of our Crown.
Bect. Are dreames then, of your privy Council grown?
Fancy, methinks, ſhou'd want power to ſubdue
That reaſon which ſo long has reign'd in you:
Pray Sir your Warring thoughts to reconcile,
Into the Garden let's retire a while,
[*Enter a Meſſenger in haſte, and ſeemes to whiſper the* King.
Meſ. Oh! Sir! the Queens awake with ſuddain care,

And you entreates of *Bectas* to beware,
For he is one your Murder has deſign'd. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Sul. Oh has he ſo! — indeed he's very kind:
[Sultan *looks on* Bectas *all the while*

Bect. I ſee, Great Sir, the Meſſenger has brought
Some news of weighty and important thought.

Sul. No, only my Phyſicians bid me ſtay, } *Speaks careleſly*
They ſay tis dangerous to walk to day, } *and ſtares on him.*
They find abroad a peſtilential air.

Bect. The clouded day ſeems Innocent, ſecure and fair,
The wind in cool and healthful whiſpers ſpeaks,
Whoſe wholeſome breath through all contagion breaks.

Sul. How Innocent he looks! — avoid my ſight,
Thou art a Traytor and an Hyppocrite.

Bect. Traytor! — and Hyppocrite!

Sul. — No more but fly,
Thy very ſtay confirmes thy treachery!

Bect. Sir, I obey — but —

Sul. But — [*He ſtamps and ſeems enrag'd,* Bectas *goes out.*
He's gone — why did I ſuffer him to go?
He's guilty, though *I* cannot prove him ſo;
Ungreatful *Bectas*! wretched *Ibrahim*! whence
Proceeds thy danger or his inſolence?
Oh! 'tis from kindneſs too much Love does give,
The Subject that by which a Prince ſhould live:
Subjects when too much favour they enjoy,
Like Louhcy over fed, the ſtock deſtroy. [*Exit* Sultan.

{ *Enter* Meleck Hamet *at the other door as the* Sultan
{ *is going out and runs after him.*

Mel. Brave opportunity, he is alone,
Now *Melek* for a Miſtreſs and a Throne. [*Exit after him.*

Scene drawn is diſcovered the Queen's Apartment,
ſhe ſitting on an Alcove, and attended by ſeveral
Ladyes, is led on the ſtage by the Queen Mother
and Flatra: *the Young Queen is very much diſ-*
compos'd and talks diſorderly, often ſtarting and
carleſly anſwering what they ſay to her.

Q. Mo. Daughter! how d'e, (*Flatra*) how does my *Sultaneſs*?

Y. Queen. Senſible of the kindneſs you expreſs
And nothing elſe, but take head what you do,

You

You will not Murder him, — nor you, — nor you, —
He is your Lord, — your brother, — and your Son,
And yet who knowes? what muſt be muſt be done.

Q. Mo. What ſtrange diſtraction does poſſeſs her breaſt?

Fla. Alas! her thoughts grow wilde for want of reſt,
She ſtands in need of her Phyſicians care.

Q. Mo. Cordials to her the beſt Phyſicians are:
Go get her ſomething, that may make her ſleep. [*Exit Attend.*

Y. Queen. In vain we prize thoſe Gems we cannot keep.
How ſhort liv'd Empire is! when every hour
A Prince is ſubject to his Subjects power. [*Hark ſhe ſtarts.*

Fla. Siſter you're diſcompos'd, with cauſeleſs fear.

Q. Mo. Dear Child there's neither foe nor danger here.

Enter Attendance.

Atten. Madam the Queens Phyſician does command,
That ſhe no Cordial take, but from his hand. [*to the Q. Mo.*

Q. Mo. Theſe learned Grandees are ſo over wiſe, [*Scornfully.*
All ſafe and common med'cines they deſpiſe:
Muſt ſhe then without reſt theſe fits endure?

Y. Queen. The *Sultans* preſence is my only cure,
All my tormenting feares he drives away,
As Ghoſts do vaniſh at the approach of day. } *Enter* Sultan *embraces her.*

Sul. How does my *Formina*!

Y. Queen. ——— Ah! my dear Lord,
Your preſence does new life and ſoul afford;
I was even now, like *Memnons* Statue, dumb,
My Organs move afreſh, now you are come,
My dreams did ſuch unwelcome fears ſuggeſt,
As in your abſence I could find no reſt.

Sult. What dreamt my Sultaneſs——

Y. Queen. ——— *Bellas*, me thought,
Unwilling Death into your preſence brought.

Q. Mo. Daughter 'tis ill ſuch fancies to purſue,
They are both vain, unlikely, and untrue.

Y. Queen. I know not that, Heaven grant they may be ſo!
Bellas reproved Death for b'ing too ſlow,
And forceing him t' erect his fatal dart,
Shew'd him new wayes in his long practic'd art;
Men ſeldome ſuch ſad Omens long ſurvive.

Flat. My Brother yet, you ſe's return'd alive.

[Sultan *and Queen Mother talk apart.*

Qu. Mo. 'Tis you encourage her to theſe extreams,
By hearkning to her vain fantaſtick Dreams.
Sult. She has been my guardian Angel hitherto,
And has foretold things I have found too true.
But, Madam, let not her concern be yours, } *Turns from her*
She for her ſelf and me enough endures. } *frowning.*
To Qu. My Lord with you I would retire awhile,
Perhaps I may my thoughts to reſt beguile:
Vaſt Treaſures thus prove Enemies to health,
We cannot ſleep till we ſecure our Wealth:
Qu. Mo. Daughter, I'm glad to ſleep you are inclin'd,
Reſt proves the ſovereign balſom of the mind:
Son, Heaven preſerve you and your Sultaneſs. } *Exeunt* Q.M.
Sul. And with like favour the Qu. Mother bleſs. } *and* Flatra.
See a ſtrict watch at every Gate you keep, [*To the Janizaries.*
And doubly guard the Chamber where I ſleep:
Thoſe need a more than ord'nary defence,
Who are not ſafe beneath their innocence.

Song. *The Scene drawn, the King and Queen retire to the Alcove, and ſit down; the Queen leans on his boſome, as compoſing her ſelf to ſleep, after ſoft Muſick this Song is ſung.*

SONG.

SEe, ſee how full of troubles are
The Crowns which wakeful Monarchs wear:
They Court ſhort ſlumbers but in vain,
While ſleep ſeems coy to thoſe that reign;
O wretched State of him! whoſe mind
Moſt care and leaſt relief does find.

Soft Chorus ſung by Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes.

Then happy are we who attend on our Sheep,
For the nights, when we wake, ſeem too ſhort for our ſleep.
We meet with no cares to diſturb our delight:
Not with ſorrow by day, nor with danger by night:
More refin'd are our pleaſures, the meaner we are,
When the greateſt of Kings are moſt ſubject to care.

Then

Then while you thus take your repaſt,
Who knows but this may be your laſt.
Sleep, ſleep apace, perhaps you may
Be wak'd to everlaſting day:
When ſleep is in your way to reſt
The ſhorteſt ſlumbers prove the beſt.
Chorus *Then happy are we,* &c.
In ſpight of Morpheus *and his Art,*
Wak'd with ſome frightfull dream they ſtart,
They thoughtful are aſleep, and take
More care than ſilly Swains awake;
Yet after all the pain they endure,
Regardleſs we ſleep more ſecure.
Chorus *Then happy are we,* &c.

[*Scene cloſes upon the Sultan and Sultaneſs.*

Enter Flatra *and Queen* Mother.

Q. Mo. Flatra, what lazy fools do you employ,
That are ſo long 'ere they one foole deſtroy?
Fla. Perhaps tis from their fate, not lazineſs;
For *Bellas,* Madam, finds the like ſucceſs.
Q. Mo. Alas poor man! he's grown infirme with age,
Unfit to act upon the Tragick ſtage;
He will do well if coupl'd with a Mute,
One to adviſe, the other to execute;
But *Melek Hamet* wants not truſt or power,
This day to kill, the next be Emperour.
Fla. The beſt deſignes unfortunate have been,
Witneſs your laſt attempt upon the Queen:
But *Melek* went away in ſuch a rage,
He did what cou'd be done, I dare engage.
Q. Mo. Come do not thus extenuate his offence,
You muſt ſeverely check his negligence.
He growes more careleſs while his hopes are faire,
For hopes are far leſs powerful then deſpair,
Which to the greateſt actions can perſwade,
As Laurels flouriſh beſt that grow in ſhade.
Bla. By that alone is his ambition led,
For while the *Sultan* lives his hopes are dead;
My promiſe is no obligation yet:

My

My Brothers death alone makes it a debt,
And while I angry ſeem his blood will prove
The greateſt Cement to unite our Love.
Q. Mo. Daughter in all your actions, I confeſſe,
Your Wiſdome and your duty you expreſs;
Ile leave you with the firſt advice I gave,
With frowns and diſtance keep him ſtill your ſlave;
For while you ſtorme, you heitghten his deſire,
But too much ſunſhine will put out his fire: [*Exit Q. Mother.*

Enter Vizier *and* Bectas *to* Flatra.

Viz. Madam we find all our endeavours vain,
The Sultan ſeems in ſpight of us to reign;
And either there's deceit among our Friends,
Or ſome ſtrange fate our enterpriſe attends.
Fla. We through our fears become unfortunate,
Then lay the blame on Providence and Fate;
You were driven hence with an impetuous blaſt,
I thought that violence too great to laſt;
Then nothing cou'd oppoſe your force, and now
Your weakneſs under one defeat muſt bow:
So Billows rage with unſucceſsful toil
Againſt the Rocks, and faintly then recoil.
Bect. While we on paſt miſcarriages reflect,
We preſent opportunities neglect;
Now, Madam, is the time to joyn our power,
And to aſſault the ſleeping Emperour;
Let but the Vizier countenance th' attempt,
None from the action will himſelf exempt.
Viz. To kill a luſtful Tyrant is a fact
The Vizier will both countenance and act;
As many as dare follow, I dare lead,
Find me a Body, and I'le find a head.
Fla. Brave actions do the meaneſt birth controul,
They ſhew the gallant greatneſs of the Soul;
I neither wealth nor dignity eſteem,
Of me the valiant only worthy ſeem;
See then you proſecute your vaſt deſign,
So having ſhewn your love, you challenge mine. [*Exit.*
Viz. Inſpir'd by her how rapidly I burn!
Bectas, my love does into furv turn.

Why

Why did I not deſtroy him when I coud?
Oh! how I now repent of being good!
How came a man born in the Turkiſh School,
To be a Loyal conſcientious fool?

Bect. Come, come, hear me ——
The Janizaries are at my command,
Of which ten thouſand choſen are at hand.
The valiant *Kara* and *Kulchaia* are
Of equal fame in policy and war.
They own our Cauſe, and will, what e're we pleaſe,
Attempt with Courage, and effect with eaſe.

Viz. Then ſtrait for *Kara* and *Kulchaia* ſend,
Thoſe are the Men on which our hopes depend.

Bect. They both in my appartment are, and ſtay
Only to be commanded, and obey:
I'le call 'em in—— [*Exit.*

Viz. O mighty Love! thy power will now be ſhewn,
For thee I dare do more than I dare own;
With an unwilling rage I go prepar'd,
To take that life, even now I freely ſpar'd:
With what amazement will the Sultan look,
To ſee the bloody cauſe I've undertook?
To ſee the only perſon he dares truſt
Become the greateſt Rebel and the firſt?
Hence Conſcience hence! away you loyal charms, *Studies and then ſhakes his head*
Good thoughts are things too ſoft for men of arms.
O *Flatra*! *Flatra*! *Flatra*! there's a ſpell [*In paſſion.*
Can drive away all thoughts but thoſe of Hell.
My love to her my Crimes ſhall mitigate
Of doing, and of loving what I hate.

Enter Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulchaia.

Bect. Theſe, Sir, are men in whom you may confide,
I have their faith as well as courage try'd.

Viz. My Lords——
Since of the buſineſs you'r not ignorant,
I hope you do not my Inſtructions want;
The Cauſe is worthy tho the attempt be great,
We meet with worſe than death in a retreat.
We know our fate, and therefore we muſt all,
Or through the danger run, or in it fall.

Kul. To noble ſpirits, Sir, 'tis hard to flie,
But 'tis not ſo to conquer or to die.
Kar. Diſtruſt not, Sir, our Valour or ſucceſs,
We've often conquer'd greater force with leſs.
Viz. Come on, we loſe advantage by our ſtay,
Your Courage has already won the day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ipſir *and* Kuperli.

Ipſ. What Fate, alas! are Princes like to know,
Who favour thoſe that ſeek their overthrow,
And either ſlight the ſervice, or diſtruſt
The faith of Loyal hearts, that would be juſt.
Kup. The ſame which Marriners are like to find,
Who quit their Harbours to careſs the Wind;
Their helpleſs Friends from the neglected ſhore,
Look on, and hear the Threatning Billows roar;
They ſee the giddy Ship turn up her Keel,
And their Friends ſinking in their hearts they feel,
Until at laſt, all ſwallowed up in grief,
They cannot lend an eye to their relief:
Then do they howl out unheard obſequies,
Wiſhing in ſighs their Friends had been more wiſe.
Ah, *Ipſir!* this, this is the Sultan's Fate,
And we ſhall ſee his fall when 'tis too late.
Unhappy Prince! thou'ſt too much innocence
To think men can rebel without pretence;
But too much favour teaches men t'aſpire,
And greatneſs ever ſtudies to be higher:
Yet Princes never, till their ruin, find
The inconvenience of being too kind.
Ipſir. 'Tis true, but one ill inſtrument of State
Does many greater than himſelf create:
In wicked fav'rites Kings are doubly curſt,
They being bad, ſtill recommend the worſt.
So vertuous Stateſmen are become deſpis'd,
Subjects oppreſs'd and Princes ill adviſ'd.
Kup. This is the fatal end we muſt expect,
Yet my dear Prince my counſel does reject;
He thanks me for my kindneſs, but the while
Seems to reprove my folly in a ſmile;
'Twixt both I find my fears and kindneſs ſuch,

Wou'd

Won'd he ſaw more, or I ſaw not ſo much.
Ipſ. Janizar-Aga, and the Vizier oft
In ſecret Councels are and whiſper ſoft:
What they deſign to their own breaſts they keep.
Kup. For the Queen Mothers, 'tis an old intrigue,
But *Flatra's* with the Vizier's a new league:
Where the beginning of their Plot th' intend
Heaven only knows! but I know where 'twill end.
We'l to the Sultan, and the danger ſhew,
Where it takes root, how faſt 'tis like to grow:
Perhaps he'll ſeem offended, but I've choſe,
Rather his favour than his life t' expoſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter Mufti and Solyman *at one door, and* Oglar *at the other: they meet.*

Ogl. It was my chance this minute, Sir, to learn
Something that is the Sultans near concern;
I thought the ſecret to his ear a debt,
And fain I would a quick admittance get,
Which, whether out of Duty or of pride,
The Guard of Janizaries have deny'd.
Mufti. My Lord, the loyalty you ſeem t' expreſs
Calls for our thanks, and you deſerve no leſs:
But too ſtrict watch the Sultan has injoyn'd
The Guards, and he himſelf a while confin'd;
Yet ſince your buſineſs urgent does appear,
We will acquaint the Sultan you are here. [*Exit* Muf. & Soly.
Ogl. My heart in labour is, and ſtops my breath,
Now is the Wager laid 'twixt love and death:
The Wager is unequal, yet 'tis juſt,
If death imbrace me not, my Miſtreſs muſt:
The Pride is greater, where the hope is leſs;
I'le venture ten lives for one Sultanneſs.

The Scene drawn appears the Queens Bed Chamber. The Sultan and Sultaneſs, Mufti and Solyman, *who all enter to* Oglar, *he kneels, and being rais'd whiſpers the Sultan.*

Y. Q. Oh how theſe ſecret Meſſengers I hate!
They are the curſed Labyrinth of State.
Mufty. Madam, he comes in Love, and as a friend.
Y. Q. But ſecret Love do's oft in Ruine end.
Sult. Oh horrid Traitors to my Crown and Name!
The City Rages in Rebellious Flame:
The Commons are incourag'd by the Peers,
Vizier and *Bellas* head the Mutiniers:
My Lords, what hope, when Villains grow thus bold?
Y. Q. Now, Sir, comes on that Ruine I foretold.
Mufty. Madam, forbear a while your early Grief,
There's time enough for heaven to ſend relief.
Solym. Dread Sir! If of the news you are aſſured,
Let the *Seraglio* Gates be all ſecured;
Within theſe Walls you may be ſafe a while,
'Til the miſguided Crowd we reconcile.
Great minds conſume in ſullen flames: The Rout
Send forth fierce blazes, and go quickly out.
Ogl. O truſt 'em not, ſuch ſhifts can't ſerve the turn;
For where they cannot enter they will burn.
Foes, that ſuch head-ſtrong violence maintain,
We may deceive, but we can ne'r reſtrain.

[*A noiſe afar off, of Drums, Trumpets*, &c.

Y. Q. Heark Sir, they are before the outward Gate;
You'l of your ſafety think when 'tis too late.
Solym. Provide for your eſcape, Sir, while we go,
And try if we can pacifie the Foe.
Sult. Shall the Grand Seignieur e're be ſaid to flie?
No, flight's too mean a thing for Majeſty.
On that will all their innocence be built;
So their Rebellion will become my guilt.
Muf. Self preſervation will not ſtain your fame,
Your glorious Anceſtors have done the ſame.
Ogl. Sir, if you love your ſelf or us, be gone;
And I will theſe Imperial Robes put on.

[*Takes up the Robes that lie in a Chair.*

So that at laſt if nothing can aſſwage
The furious tempeſt of the peoples rage,
Taking the ſeeming Sultan for the true,
Their ſwords ſhall murder me inſtead of you.

Sult.

Sult. Dear *Oglar*, rather than I will expoſe
So kind a Friend I'le periſh by my Foes.
T. Q. Oh to refuſe him, Sir, is cruelty,
Becauſe he does ſo willing ſeem to die.
Solym. Accept it Sir, for all your Subjects ſake;
I'le the ſame action gladly undertake.
Muf. I with a joyful pride would ſhed my blood,
To ſave a Prince, ſo pious and ſo good.
Sult. No, you ſhall meet 'em to appeaſe their wrath,
By your perſwaſions you may ſave us both.
[*Exit* Mufti & Solyman. Oglar *puts on the Robes*
Oh *Oglar*! I am overcome with ſhame,
To take a kindneſs which I dare not name:
What *I* permit muſt in your own eſteem
Make me ungrateful, and a Coward ſeem.
Heard within a noiſe of all inſtruments of war, claſhing of ſwords, firing of Guns ſhouts, and battering of Gates.
Ogl. Oh Sir, the Foes your Pallace gates beat down,
Your ſtay expoſes both your life and Crown:
While I about your ſafety am imploy'd,
You in a complement will be deſtroy'd.
T. Q. Ah my dear Lord! unleſs you will be gone,
You make the kindneſs, he intended, none.
Fly, Sultan, quickly fly, for by your ſloth,
Inſtead of ſaving one you ruine both.
Ogl. To the dark Cloyſter, Sir, the way you know;
Thither you may with eaſe and ſafety go.
Sult. You have prevail'd, our mighty Prophet ſend
Comfort to us and ſuccour to our friend.
[*They embrace, Sultaneſs weeps. Exit Sultan*
T. Q. Farewel my only deareſt Lord, Farewel!
Ogl. Come, Madam, come, theſe clouds you muſt diſpel;
The Sultans ſafety ſhould your grief ſubdue.
T. Q. Suppoſe him ſafe Sir, tears are debts to you.
Ogl. If you deſign my kindneſs to repay,
Madam it muſt be done ſome other way.
T. Q. All ſuch ungrateful thoughts I baniſh hence;
Your kindneſs, Sir's above all recompence:
The only poor requital I can make,
Will be to Love your memory for your ſake.

Ogl.

Ogl. A poor reward indeed! Madam, muſt I
For the advantage of my memory die?
'Tis more when I am dead than you can give,
To injoy your love one minute while I live.

T. Q. Of that, I hope, you did not doubt before,
I only wiſh I could expreſs it more.

Ogl. Kindneſs in general, is love 'tis true;

T. Q. But mine is more particular to you.

Ogl. Of common love there many Symptoms are,
But one of that which is particular.
I cannot now the time in Courtſhip ſpend,
Madam, true love ſhould in injoyment end:
Give me but that and I can die with joy,
If not, my hated life you twice deſtroy.

T. Q. What ſudden madneſs does your mind diſtract?
Would dying *Oglar* ſuch a miſcheif act?
You die infected, and before your death,
Seek to corrupt me with your poiſon'd breath:
O let more generous thoughts poſſeſs your mind!
Be not ſo cruel, when you've ſeem'd ſo kind.

Ogl. You've the unkinder cruelty decreed,
Unleſs you crown that heart that is to bleed;
For elſe I fall the Sultans ſacrifice,
And, which is worſe, am murder'd by your eyes.

T. Q. And if I grant what you expect to have,
I more deſtroy, than I can hope to ſave:
I know the Sultan twenty deaths would chooſe,
Rather than I one vertuous thought ſhould loſe:
Nor ſhall our Annals e're of me record,
She loſt her honour to preſerve her Lord.

Ogl. Madam, if you'l the Sultans death prevent,
You to my hopes muſt yield your quick aſſent,
Or elſe I'le meet the foe, and yield him up,
Who drinks the ſweet muſt taſte the bitter Cup:
For 'tis in vain to think I'le ſtay and die,
A fooliſh Martyr to your Chaſtity.

T. Q. Oh cruel Fate! O wretced *Sultaneſs!*
What can I do in this ſo great diſtreſs?
I ſubtilly muſt his luſtful heart beguile,
And hide my wrath in a diſſembled ſmile. } *Aſide.*

Ogl.

Ogl. Madam by pauſing you deny my ſuit,
I go, if once the queſtion you diſpute. [*He offers to go ſhe holds him.*
T. Q. Why would you ſo? come, *Oglar*, do not chide,
That I endeavour thus my love to hide;
There is to modeſty a little debt,
Which I was ſtudying only to forget:
Do you but go within that private place,
Ile make my ſelf more fit for your imbrace.
Ogl. Seal, Madam, your intention with a kiſs; [*Salutes her.*
Who would not die ſo ſweet a death as this!
Madam make haſte, when in your Arms I lie,
I Paradiſe enjoy before I die [*Retires into a Cloſſet.*
T. Q. Can Heaven, that does the Innocent protect,
Suffer his helliſh Plot to take effect!
The Gods forbid it, and ſome ſafeguard ſend
By *Mahomet* our Prophet and their Friend.
[*A great noiſe without of People ſhouting.*
Heark, by th' approaching Triumphs of the Rout,
They ſeem at my deliverance to ſhout;
In what a ſtrait *I* am Heaven only knows,
Who ſeek protection from my husbands Foes.
[*She runs and opens the door, and ſpeaks to* Oglar.
Oh my dear *Oglar*! Oh unhappy chance!
The rageing Rebels hitherward advance;
Like envious Meſſengers of Hell they're ſent,
Our heaven, and our enjoyments to prevent:
You to the Inner Cloſet ſhall retire,
A place as private as you can deſire;
There will I ſend the diſappointed Rout,
Miſſing the Sultan here, to find him out,
So while they are in ſearch of him, I'le find
A time to be more happy and more kind.
Ogl. By your perſwaſions I am ever ſway'd,
Madam, ſuch love muſt ever be obey'd.
[*She goes out, as to hide* Oglar, *and returns.*
T. Q. Oh ſlow and lingring Rebels how they ſtay!
They cannot hurt me now but by delay;
My Lord is ſafe, and they who did decree
His murder, now are come to reſcue me.
[*She goes off to her Bed Chamber. The Scene cloſes.*

[Oglar

[Oglar *ſteals ſoftly on the Stage, and looks about him.*

Ogl. I like not the contrivance; I am taught
Women are ever good at ſecond thought.
She was compell'd this Stratagem to uſe;
'Twas ſafer to comply than to refuſe.
I'le fetch the Sultan, and ſecure him here;
Then will her true or feigned love appear:
If ſhe intended the kind things ſhe ſaid,
She will rejoyce to find the Sultan dead:
How e're he'l make but an unhappy end,
Whoſe life does on one Womans will depend. [*Exit.*

Enter Ipſir *and* Kuperly.

Kup. I fear his flight will his deſtruction prove;
Great Fabricks cannot without ruin move:
And on that miſchief our ſad fate depends;
For falling Greatneſs buries all its friends.

Ipſ. We muſt in time endeavour to prevent
A danger which we ſee ſo imminent:
E're the Rebellion ſpread, we'l gain a force,
Among the *Boſnion* and *Sclavonian* Horſe.

Kup. The Aſiatick *Spahees* gain renown,
Both zealous for the Laurel and the Crown.
Of their aſſiſtance we may reſt ſecur'd,
And with it be of Victory aſſur'd.

Ipſ. Come on, the Empire does begin to bleed,
The reeking Current muſt be ſtopt with ſpeed:
Brave Prince! for thee we'l ſpend our lateſt breath,
To ſave thy life, or to revenge thy death. [*Exit.*

Enter Oglar *in the dark, he gropes and lights on the Sultan.*

Ogl. My Lord, my Lord!

Sult. Who? *Oglar*!

Ogl. I Sir —
I find this place no ſafety will afford:
Some Rebel has diſcover'd you are here,
They all with Torches and with ſhouts dray near.

Sult. Oh *Oglar*! let me go and meet their force;
Since I muſt die, I'le take the nobleſt courſe.

Ogl. O no! Sir follow me, and I'le provide
A place, where you may more ſecurely hide:
That done, I hither quickly will return,

And

And quench the thirſty rage with which they burn.
Sult. Heaven knows with what unwillingneſs I go,
And yet I muſt ſince you will have it ſo.

They go out, and ſteal in again at the other ſide of the Stage. Oglar *hides him in the Cloſſet, and Exit.*

After a great noiſe and ſhouting without, Enter Mufti *and* Solyman *on one ſide.* Vizier, Bectas, Kara, Kulcayha, *and after them ſeveral Janizaries crowding and ſhouting* Alla! Alla! *on the other ſide.*

Muf. My Lords the Sultan does deſire to know
From whence your doubts and your diſorders grow.
Is any injur'd, let him but complain;
No man did ever ſue to him in vain.
Viz. Mufti we ſeek no favour at his hands;
We come not with petitions, but demands.
Solym. What you demand the Sultan wills to hear.
Bect. That he ſhall quickly know he need not fear.
Kul. We want his head—
All. His Head, his head, his head. [*ſhout.*
Muf. Why then you rage in vain, the Sultan's fled.
Kar. What you in wiſdom have convey'd him hence?
Viz. Then they have both contracted his offence.
All. Down with them, down with them both.

The People fall on; Solyman *draws and defends the* Mufti; *they give back, the People follow them, ſhouting* Alla, alla, *and ſhoutings: Having driven them off, return as to the Queens Apartment, Crying down with the Doors.* *Exit.*

The Scene the Queens Bed Chamber, ſhe comes in veil'd, and opens the door: They all enter.

Y. Q. My Lords, what need you uſe this violence? [*winningly.*
I neither make reſiſtance, nor defence:
You'l find, that I can tread a rugged path;
I can do any thing t' appeaſe your wrath.
Omnes. She prates, ſhe prates, a Mute, a Mute, a Mute. [*ſhout.*
Viz. We have no time with Women to diſpute;
We want the Sultan, ask no reaſons why;
It is our pleaſure, therefore he muſt die.

T. Q. If you reſolve it, ſhe muſt die, and ſhall;
A Prince, when by his People left, muſt fall:
Grant me but time thus to expreſs my grief,
To the afflicted tears are ſome relief.
Now my Love's conquered, e're my Griefs return,
I'le yield him up, and then take time to mourn:
His Crime, my Lord, I ſhall not mitigate,
Only I beg I may not ſee his fate.

Viz. Let no man dare his Scimitar t' unſheath,
Nor touch the Sultan upon pain of death,
Till I command him; Madam, ſhow the way;
Revenge with Power joyn'd brooks of no delay.

The Queen *enters the Cloſet, followed by* Vizier Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcahai; *they lead out the* Sultan; *the* Queen *runs to the other ſide of the Stage, and ſeems to weep.*

Sult. And am I tamely thus to looſe my life,
By the adultrous Treaſons of a Wife?
The *Vizier* here, how cauſleſs were my fears?
My Lord, what want theſe ſaucy Mutineers?

Viz. The ſaucy People want the Sultans Head.

Sult. Poor Sultan, haſt thou then a Viper fed!
Ungrateful Viper! Villain! moſt accurſt
Of all my Foes, that thou ſhouldſt be the worſt!

Viz. Piſh, this is childiſh, womaniſh, and vain,
Your buſineſs is to die, not to complain.

Bect. If to the Queen you've any thing to ſay,
Diſpatch, the people here for Juſtice ſtay.

Omn. Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice. [*They ſhout.*

Sult. My Lords I thank you, let the Queen be brought,
I would commit to her a dying thought.

[*The* Queen *is brought to him; ſhe kneels.*

T. Q. My Lord, with ſorrow and with ſhame I kneel,
Unable to ſupport the weight I feel;
To think your Wife ſhould to your death conſent,
Of this I hope I ſhall in time repent:
Forgive me Sir! the reſt I ſpeak in tears,
It was my love was conquer'd by my fears.

Sult. Oh Impudence! thy Sexes ſtain and blot!
No, 'twas thy Luſt thy treachery begot.

T. Q. The

Y. Q. The Sultan — { *She ſwounds; they run to her, and ſet her in a Chair.*

Sult. Adulterous Impudence! ſhe makes it ſtrange,
Did not you mine for *Oglars* life exchange?
Now you can ſwoon, but I the care will take,
From your diſſembled ſleep you ne're ſhall wake.
Take that —— [*Offers to ſtab the Queen.*
[Ogler *enters in diſguize, and enterpoſing, receives the blow.*
Villain thou juſtly to the Shades art ſent,
For daring my juſt Vengeance to prevent.
Viz. If this be all the love you bear to her;
Yet Sir methinks the name of Murderer
[*They cloſe, and diſarm him, then Manecle him.*
Should dying men from ſuch attempts deter,
Who is it he has hurt?
Kar. and *Kul.* — We cannot learn.
Viz. Is he ſo wounded that he cannot ſpeak?
Ogl. O wretched *Oglar*! thou thy death haſt found,
E're with full joy thy ripen'd hopes were crown'd.
Omn. The brave Lord *Oglar*.
Viz. —— Oh moſt ſtrange ſurprize!
How came you here, or why in this diſguize?
Sult. Kind Heaven! how ſtrangely juſt thy Judgments are,
While we accuſe thee of miſtaken care:
What on the Author of my ſhame was meant,
Thou haſt diverted on the Inſtrument.
Ogl. Oh Royal Sir, forgive me, I have been
Traytorous to you, and to your injured Queen.
Oh torment of my Soul, I cannot die,
Till ſome way I repair the injury.
Oh Queen! oh Sultan! [*Groans.*
Viz. Convey the Sultanneſs and *Oglar* hence,
We ſhall take time t' examine their offence.
Sultan prepare to quit your guilty Throne,
All theſe beneath your luſtful Scepter groan;
You muſt no more your ſelf nor them abuſe,
Too guilty thoſe appear whom all accuſe;
Therefore in vain you'l plead your innocence,
For theſe are arm'd againſt all ſuch defence.
Sult. My Lords I find no rigour in my fate.

Nor ſhall I ſeek my Crimes to mitigate;
Where you condemn the ſentence muſt be juſt,
And if you think I ought to die, I muſt.

Poor Sultan, brave Prince, and the like words of kindneſs murmur'd among the People.

Beck. By this ſo ſubtle, and ſo ſoft a ſtile,
He hopes the eaſie People to beguile.

Kul. They all begin to murmur and relent, *The People quarrel and are divided.*
And we ſhall of our fond delay repent,
Diſpatch him, Sir,

Viz. ——— What means this mutiny?
Nay Sultan than 'tis time for thee to die.

One part of the People fall off to the Sultans ſide, and cry a Sultan, a Sultan; *the other part ſtick to the* Vizier, *and cry* Juſtice, Juſtice. *They all fight. The* Vizier *comes up to the* Sultan, *and ſtabs him, which having done there is a noiſe of Trumpets heard without: Then enter* Ipſir *and* Kuperly, *and others, who drive off the* Vizier *and his Party. Then enters to them* Mufti *and* Solyman.

Ipſ. Oh my thrice honour'd Lord! this happy hour
Heaven ſet apart to ſave the Emperour.

Sult. Heaven cannot ſave my life, it may my fame,
By ſending *Ipſir* to revenge my ſhame.

Kup. You are not wounded Sir:

Sult. ——————— O *Kuperly!* [*Staggers.*
Wounded to death, and yet I cannot die;
Rebell'd againſt, betraid, and which is more,
My Son a Baſtard, and my Wife a Whore:
Revenge my death on *Oglar*, and on her;
She's the Adultereſs, he the Murderer.
They in the People rais'd this diſcontent,
Yet guilty live, while I die innocent, [*Dyes.*

Solym. I hope we all wear loyal hearts and Swords:
Who can forget the dying Sultans words,
Revenge my death?

Omnes. ——— Revenge, Revenge, Revenge.

Muf. Now, my Lords, you here may ſee too late,
The ſad effects of diſcord in a State.

We

We Childiſh tears may on his body ſhed,
And vainly ſeek revenge without a head.
But if we would the fulleſt vengeance take,
We with the Foe muſt ſeeming Friendſhip make,
'Till we are on a Succeſſor agreed,
Then all by whom the Sultan bled ſhall bleed.
Ipſ. To what the *Mufti* ſays we muſt aſſent,
Our ſwords and tears are both impertinent.
Muſter our Forces in the outward Court,
And draw 'em back in the Royal Fort.
There they are alwayes ready for the Field,
In caſe the Rebels ſtill refuſe to yield. [*Exit Soldiers.*

Enter Young Queen veil'd, and Attendants.

Y. Q. Dead! And ſuppos'd by my contrivance ſlain!
Muſt I the loſs and infamy ſuſtain?
Can Earth a pleaſure yield, which to enjoy
I could my honour and my Lord deſtroy?
Heaven knows I took no pleaſure but in him,
I ſaught no Joy but Heaven and *Ibrahim.*
Muf. Madam, you vainly hope to gain belief,
By your forc'd tears, and your diſſembled grief.
The pious Sultan, he that was ſo good,
Dying, charg'd you and *Oglar* with his blood.
On us a loyal care he did bequeath
To puniſh the Contrivers of his death.
Y. Q. You muſt inflict a puniſhment too mild,
Since he believ'd I have his bed defil'd.
In this ſuſpition he did far out-do
All Torments I can ere receive from you,
In that my heart the worſt of ills endures
And ſince I loſt his Love, I ask not yours.
Sol. Before the *Caddee*, Madam, you muſt go,
'Twill be convenient that you tell him ſo
Y. Q. This is a truth, I dare ſay any where,
The Guilty, Sir. the only cowards are.
Since he liv'd not his ſentence to Reverſe
I'le only ſhed ſome tears upon his Hearſe:
That duty once perform'd, when ere you pleaſe,
My debt to Nature I ſhall pay with eaſe.

Nor ſhall I ſeek my Crimes to mitigate;
Where you condemn the ſentence muſt be juſt,
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Beſt. By this ſo ſubtle, and ſo ſoft a ſtile,
He hopes the eaſie People to beguile.

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Till we are on a Succeſſor agreed,
[illegible] Sultan bled ſhall bleed.

IRREGULAR PAGINATION

In caſe the Rebels [illegible]

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That duty once perform'd, when ere you pleaſe,
My debt to Nature I ſhall pay with eaſe.

Iſſ. Be Madam, in your Ceremony's brief,
A little time will vent a little grief.
Kup. Look where the Sultan do's for juſtice ſtay,
And ſeems though dead to frown at our delay.

She turns about, ſee's the Sultans *body, Runs and Imbraces it.*

[*They whiſper and go off all but the Queen.*

Y. Q. Is this the relique of my Lord, how chang'd!
Dying from me; dead, from himſelf eſtrang'd!
Behold where Majeſty and Beauty lies!
Behold his Ruby lips; his Diamond eyes!
But muſt they never ſpeak, nor ſhine again?
Muſt my black name wear an eternal ſtain?
O ſtain! eternal ſtain! Here I have found
The fatal (yet to me moſt fatal!) wound.
How cou'd ſo great a Soul, and ſo much worth,
So quickly, at ſo ſmall a wound get forth!
Here will I clear my blaſted Innocence;
And breath in Life, or ſeek my death from hence.

She kneels with her face in his boſome, and kiſſes his wounds.

Then Deſcends an Heavenly Shape, in the Clouds, and Sings.

SONG.

HE's dead, he's dead; ſeek not in vain
To weep the dead to life again:
Spare, O ſpare thoſe Orient ſhow'rs;
They fall too late on wither'd Flow'rs.
Your warmer ſighs no comfort bring;
Nor can, in Winter make a Spring:
Warm Winds as helpleſs prove as Dew;
Then let your ſighs and tears be few.

Let your unſpotted ſoul appear
Through all the diſmal Clouds you wear;
Let Innocence with grief partake:
Both will a watry Sunſhine make.
While for the dead too much you grieve,
Your dying Fame you muſt retrieve.

As

As for the Balmy drops you ſhed,
The living want 'em, not the dead. { *Queen ſtarts up, and unvails her ſelf.*

Y. Q. How is my Soul wrapt up in ſudden joys!
Methought I heard a ſweet harmonious noiſe,
On which a glorious luſter did attend:
Both ſeem'd my ſhame and ſorrow to befriend.
If e're you'l ſend relief, your Pow'rs Divine,
To iujur'd Virtue, ſend it now to mine.

Oglar *brought on the Stage in a Chair to* Mufti, Ipſir, Kuperli, *and* Soly man.

Ogl. O quickly let me with the *Sultan* ſpeak,
E're my tormented heart, with ſorrow, break.
Muft. The *Sultan*'s dead, Sir.
Ogl.——— Dead! O horrid Fate!
Then I confeſs the injury too late.
Y. Q. What injury?
Sol.——— Peace, Madam: we diſcern
Too well your guilt, by your too great concern.
What injury!
Ogl.——— His guiltleſs blood I ſhed,
T' injoy the ſweets of his Sultana's bed.
Ipſ. She an Adultreſs! what deceit there lies
In Womens hearts! what miſchief in their eyes!
Kup. How yet unmov'd ſhe ſtands! her curs'd offence
Nothing can equal, but her impudence.
Sol. Shame of thy Sex! before the *Caddee* come,
For ſuch new Crimes he muſt invent a Doom.
Y. Q. What ſuddain Frenzy does your minds poſſeſs!
You hear but half; and at the reſt you gueſs.
Unleſs my Life you'l wilfully deſtroy,
Ask him how oft he did thoſe ſweets enjoy.
Ogl. O, never; never; her unſpotted ſoul
Would never condeſcend to deeds ſo foul.
When I all ſtratagems in vain had try'd;
Hell, with unheard of villany ſupply'd
My luſtful heart: for firſt, I ſet on foot
The late Rebellion; from whoſe curſed root
Sprung greater miſchiefs far than you have ſeen.
Muft. How came the Sultan to ſuſpect the Queen?

Ogl.

Ogl. I, feigning Loyalty above the reſt,
The Sultan beg'd my ſelf I might inveſt
In the Imperial Robes; that done, he fled;
And left me to be murder'd in his ſtead.
This time in tempting of the Queen I ſpent;
Who ſeemingly then granted her conſent,
And hid me in her Cloſet, leſt the Rout
Might unexpected come, and find me out;
Intending, when they came, to bring me thence,
Juſtly to ſuffer for my inſolence.
This when my jealous heart began to fear,
I brought the Sultan back, and plac'd him there;
Who, finding the baſe treachery, believ'd
The Queen and I his murder had contriv'd.
This truth my dying heart could not conceal;
Confeſſion does in part the torment heal:
Forget, great Queen, forget the injury;
And, with the Traitor, let his Treaſons dy. [*dies.*

T. Q. A wretch ſo villanous did never live!
Shall I my Husband's murderer forgive?
Never— But, while I think of puniſhment,
The villain dies, my vengeance to prevent.
My Lords, I hope my Innocence is clear'd
From all thoſe ſtains which on my Soul appear'd.

Muft. Madam, we likewiſe hope you'l pardon us,
Whoſe over-acted Zeal accus'd you thus:

Sol. And from our Swords, expect what can be done.
To ſave your Perſon, and enthrone your Son.

Ipſ. This is our duty, and ſhall be our care,
While you theſe laſt ſolemnities prepare.

T. Q. My Lords, I'm debtor to your Loyalty:
It ſhows your love to my dead Lord and me.
Reveng'd by you, tho *Ibrahim* be ſlain,
In his Son's virtue he ſhall live again.
But O the whining love of the Old Queen!
Her feign'd affection has the Author been
Of this ſad murder——
Wo to the Nations where ſuch night-Owls Sing!
They're the ill Omens to the Deaths they bring:
Like haſty Ravens, with a Croking joy, [*Ex. omnes the* Sult. *and*
They ſing thier Obſequies whom they deſtroy. [Ogl. *carried off.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Queen Mother, Bectas.

Bect. THe deed is, tho with difficulty, done:
We're of our Sultan rid, you of your Son
The safest way that I cou'd think of since
T' establish you, is to enthrone the Prince.
To this the Royalists consenting are:
He shall the Title, you the Office bear.

Q. M. Nay, any trouble, for my Country's good:
Kind Heav'n preserve us all from guiltless blood.
'Tis true, the Child is yet a harmless thing;
But a good Prince may make a Tyrant King.

Bect. Yet he can do no harm: the way we know,
To clip his Wings, before his Talons grow.

Q. M. Nay, honest *Bectas*, what please Heav'n and you:
I am for giving every man his due.——
I'l do, and teach him, all the good I can. [*Exit.*

Enter Kara, *and* Kulcaiha.

Bect. My Lords, what news?

Kul. We find the Fo, at least, of equal force:
They match in Foot; and they exceed in Horse.

Kar. The face of all the outward Court they spread:
They seem by Order and by Courage led.

Bect. 'Twill be unsafe to fight 'em: we must try
If upon any terms, they will comply.
Rebels and Traitors find it, to their cost,
When beaten once, they are for ever lost.

Enter Mufti.

Muft. My Lords, you see I trust my self once more
With those who rashly sought my life before.
I am the man the Royal party sends,
To know, if ye will be the Prince his Friends:
For the dead Emp'ror, our farther strife
Will nought avail to call his back to life;
'Twill please his Ghost, to see his Off-spring reign,
More than to meet a thousand of you slain:

Their arms with you, they'l willingly lay down,
And meet with joy young *Mahomet* to Crown.

Bell. To ſuch Propoſals, Sir, w' are all agreed:
We are not pleas'd to ſee the Empire bleed.
The Forces are no longer theirs nor ours;
Both joyning ſhall become the Emperours.

Muf. Sir, by the fair compliance which you make,
You ſhew you ne're act ill but by miſtake.
This news all diſcontented hearts will eaſe:
So fair a concord muſt both parties pleaſe.
Thus, what begun in grief, ſhall end in joy;
And the red morning prove a glorious day. [*Exit.*

Bell Beyond what e're we hop'd, kind Heav'n do's bleſs
All our endeavours with a ſtrange ſucceſs.
The Sultan being young, they will think fit
The Government of all things to commit
To *Kioſem*; whoſe skill in ſuch affairs
Renders her fit to ſerve our Turn and theirs:
Then will the Empire be within our pow'r,
When ſhe commands and guides the Emperour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vizier *alone with a bloody dagger, he ſtarts and looks back.*

Viz. Huſh! the ſoft footſteps of his Ghoſt I hear;
There he comes: Why ſo ghaſtly do'ſt appear?
Be gone and vaniſh, or I ſink to th' ground.
That look, my bleeding heart to death does wound.
O Sultan ſtay a while, and I'le come
And be a part'ner with thee in thy tomb.
My guilty heart is loſt in fear and ſhame,
My joys deſtroy'd by him by whom they came.
Raſh Fool! Rogue! Coward! Villain! and what worſe!
Thy own and thy Friend's Foe! the Empire's Curſe!
O Love! accurſed Love! thou'rt blind indeed!
How could I hope the Sultan to ſucceed?
His Children claim that right: or had he none,
The bloody *Tartar* muſt aſcend the Throne.
Yet ſilly I, by ſenſeleſs Paſſion led,
Could hope to be the Turkiſh Empire's head.
O *Flatra!* thou haſt fed this fooliſh flame,
And thou muſt ſhare the miſcheif and the blame. [*Exit.*

Scene

Scene draws. Flatra *is discover'd, habited in the Robes of a Sultaness, sitting in a Chair of State; and* Lenteſia *in dumb ſhew, making obeiſance, as if ſhe were Empreſs: then they enter.*

Fla. With what an awful Majeſty we walk!
How well do we become this graceful Stalk!
When from ſuch hight we caſt an eye below,
The Tribe of Peaſants but like *Pigmies* ſhew. *Lenteſia.*

Len. Madam.

Fla. Let it be your care
This night our Royal Nuptials to prepare:
To morrow, with a moſt triumphant noiſe,
Our Lord is crown'd; and with him all our joys.

Len. Heaven grant thoſe joys may never know an end!
I hope your Majeſty will be my Friend.

Fla. I, my *Lenteſia*; we ſhall take delight,
Thy love, and thy obedience to requite.

Enter Vizier *with a bloody Dagger.*

Welcome, Dread Sir;
With a Majeſtick greatneſs now you look:
Methought the Pallace at your entrance ſhook.
The bloody Scepter, which my Lord does bring,
Befits the Courage of a Warlike King:
Our ſelf its force no longer can withſtand;
And her you us'd to court, you now command.

Viz. O curſed power of Beauty and of Love!
She does my heart to new Rebellion move:
I'm by her Charms, a ſtrange converſion taught;
For I repent repenting of my fault.

Fla. Come, Royal Sir, thoſe Clouds you muſt diſpel:
On whom you frown, their ruin you foretel:
And I ſhall be afraid to truſt thoſe Seas,
Whoſe ſwelling rage I cannot firſt appeaſe.

Viz. Hazards are ſometimes mask'd in pleaſing forms;
And *Syrens* prove more dangerous than ſtorms.

Fla. You ſeem offended, Sir: pray tell me where
Thoſe pleaſing ſtorms, and dangerous *Syrens* are.

Viz. O, had I pow'r to tell her, that there lie
More than ten thouſand *Syrens* in each eye!
I cannot: — they are ſuch as ſtrike me dumb,

And from my ſilence muſt my Shipwrack come. [*Aſide.*

Fla. What makes you, Sir, thus like a Mute appear?
Are you to be my Executioner?

Viz. I am not now, what e're I had deſign'd:
None can harm her, that is not deaf and blind. [*Aſide.*

Enter Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha.

Bect. Madam, your gracious pardon we intreat,
That we muſt both your out hopes and ours defeat:
We muſt, in policy, our Arms lay down;
And, for the preſent, the young Sultan Crown:
But we this night his murder have decreed;
Then, 'tis reſolv'd the *Vizier* ſhall ſucceed.

Viz Deluded fool! believe him not; he Lies!
How I theſe fawning Paraſites deſpiſe!
Hoodwink'd Ambition! how ſhe is miſled!
Yet calls them Friends by whom ſhe is buffeted.

Fla. What e're I ſuffer, your affection cures:
I've no ambition, but of being yours.

Viz. O, Charming Syren! I muſt ſtop that breath:
Thou never canſt be mine, except in death.
Sink, and go out, you captivated Eyes;
You charmed ears, be deaf to all her cries:
Now to Ambition I ſhall put an end.

[*Squeezeth his Eyes and ſtops his Ears.*

Fla. Help! murder! help! what doth my Lord intend?

Viz. 'Cauſe you love Honor and a Crown ſo well,
I do intend you ſhall go Reign in Hell. [*Lays hold on her.*

All. O hold, Sir —— [*Pretending to hinder him.*

Viz. Go, diſſembling Villains, go:
I retend not kindneſs here; you'd have it ſo.

[*Stabs her: they run to aſſiſt her.*

Raſcals, you ſhall prepare to follow her:
I, to her Court, will all of you prefer.
How hard a task my heart has undertook!
You Gods, how killing is that dying look!
Her eyes ſend forth a moſt bewitching light,
As dying creatures miſchievouſly bite.

Enter in haſt Q. M. *and* Lenteſia.

Q. M. My daughter ſlain!

Len. Ala, poor Sultaneſs!

Q. M. Which of you d d this murder act? confeſs: *Viz.*

Viz. O, pious *Beldam*! you are ſo devout!
'Twas I that acted what you brought about.
Q. M. The mans diſtracted, between ſin and ſhame:
'Tis well Heav'n knows how innocent I am.
Viz. Heav'n knows, 'twas by your own appointment done:
The ſame hands kill'd the Daughter and the Son.
Fla. O, I am dead; and by a ſubject ſlain!
But ſhall I not have time one hour to reign?
Yet make him Emperor before I go:
Or if you cannot make him, call him ſo.
But fancy muſt your unkind ſloth ſupply;
For, in conceit, I will an Empreſs dy. [*Dies.*
Q. M. Len. She's dead! [*They ſet her in a Chair, and weep over her.*
Kar. What think you, Sir, is to this murder due?
Viz. Nothing, you villains, but rewards from you.
Bect. Come, without doubt the Princeſs did provoke
The *Vizier*, ere he gave that fatal ſtroke.
Viz. No, without doubt, the Princeſs did not, Sir;
For they who kill'd the Sultan, murder'd her.
[Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha *whiſper.*
Kul. Puh! he deſpairs; we muſt contrive his fall;
For, if we ſpare him, he'l deſtroy us all.
Viz. What, now your Choler does begin to work?
O, how you hate a tender conſcienc'd Turk!
{ *They whiſper again, and advance towards him, with their hands on their ſwords.*
Then you've concluded on my deſtiny:
And tis decreed amongſt you, I muſt die
By your baſe hands: villains ſtand off, for know
This is the hand muſt give the fatal blow. [*Stabs himſelf dead:*
Now *Flatra* I have reveng'd thy death, [Q. M. *and* Len. *ſqueak.*
For you I'le cure ye with my dying breath.
On each Traytorous head, let ſwift vengeance fall,
Hotteſt plagues, conſume, rot, and damn ye all.
{ *They all draw & aſſault him.*
Q. M. My Lords, what mean thoſe inſolencies here?
Bect. Come, come, the *Vizier*'s dead, you need not fear.
Madam, there may be danger in delay.
Kar. We muſt theſe Bodies ſecretly convey
To your Apartment; leſt, by our neglect,
The World ſhould us of murd'ring them ſuſpect.
Q. M. 'Tis true we may be wrongfully accus'd: Our

And from my silence must my Shipwrack come. [*Aside.*

Fla. What makes you, Sir, thus like a Mute appear?
Are you to be my Executioner?

Viz. I am not now, what e're I had design'd:
None can harm her, that is not deaf and blind. [*Aside.*

Enter Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha.

Bect. Madam, your gracious pardon we intreat,
That we must both your hopes and ours defeat:
We must, in policy, our Arms lay down;
And, for the present, the young Sultan Crown:
But we this night his murder have decreed;
Then, 'tis resolv'd the *Vizier* shall succeed.

Viz. Deluded fool! believe him not; he Lies!
How I these fawning Parasites despise!
Hoodwink'd Ambition! how she is misled!
Yet calls them Friends by whom she is buffeted.

Fla. What e're I suffer, your affection cures:
I've no ambition, but of being yours.

Viz. O, Charming Syren! I must stop that breath:
Thou never canst be mine, except in death.
Sink, and go out, you captivated Eyes;
You charmed ears, be deaf to all her cries:
Now to Ambition I shall put an end.

[*Squeezeth his Eyes and stops his Ears.*

Fla. Help! murder! help! what doth my Lord intend?

Viz. 'Cause you love Honor and a Crown so well,
I do intend you shall go Reign in Hell. [*Lays hold on her.*

All. O hold, Sir.—— [*Pretending to hinder him.*

Viz. Go, dissembling Villains, go:
Pretend not kindness here; you'd have it so.

[*Stabs her: they run to assist her.*

Rascals, you shall prepare to follow her:
I, to her Court, will all of you prefer.
How hard a task my heart has undertook!
You Gods, how killing is that dying look!
Her eyes send forth a most bewitching light,
As dying creatures mischievously bite.

Enter in hast Q. M. *and* Lentesia.

Q. M. My daughter slain!

Len. Alas, poor Sultaness!

Q. M. Which of you did this murder act? confess: *Viz.*

Viz. O, pious *Beldam*! you are so devout!
'Twas I that acted what you brought about.
Q. M. The mans distracted, between sin and shame:
'Tis well Heav'n knows how innocent I am.
Viz. Heav'n knows, 'twas by your own appointment done:
The same hands kill'd the Daughter and the Son.
Fla. O, I am dead; and by a subject slain!
But shall I not have time one hour to reign?
Yet make him Emperor before I go:
Or if you cannot make him, call him so.
But fancy must your unkind sloth supply;
For, in conceit, I will an Empress dy. [*Dies.*
Q. M. Len. She's dead! [*They set her in a Chair, and weep over her.*
Kar. What think you, Sir, is to this murder due?
Viz. Nothing, you villains, but rewards from you.
Bect. Come, without doubt the Princess did provoke
The *Vizier*, ere he gave that fatal stroke.
Viz. No, without doubt, the Princess did not, Sir;
For they who kill'd the Sultan, murder'd her.
[Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha *whisper.*
Kul. Puh! he despairs; we must contrive his fall;
For, if we spare him, he'l destroy us all.
Viz. What, now your Choler does begin to work?
O, how you hate a tender conscienc'd Turk!
{*They whisper again, and advance towards him, with their hands on their swords.*
Then you've concluded on my destiny:
And tis decreed amongst you, I must die
By your base hands: villains stand off, for know
This is the hand must give the fatal blow. [*Stabs himself dead:*
Now *Flatra* I have reveng'd thy death, [Q. M. *and* Len. *speak.*
For you I'le cure ye with my dying breath.
On each Traytorous head, let swift vengeance fall,
Hottest plagues, consume, rot, and damn ye all.
{*They all draw & assault him.*
Q. M. My Lords, what mean those insolencies here?
Bect. Come, come, the *Vizier*'s dead, you need not fear.
Madam, there may be danger in delay.
Kar. We must these Bodies secretly convey
To your Apartment; lest, by our neglect,
The World should us of murd'ring them suspect.
Q. M. 'Tis true we may be wrongfully accus'd: Our

Our Prophet knows, how I have been abus'd! [*Weeps.*
And where opinions are ſo weakly built,
Suſpicion we ſhould ſhun as well as guilt.

[*Exeunt with the Bodies.*

Enter Muſti, Solyman, Aga, Iplir, *and* Kuperli.

Kup. I fear the fair complying he pretends,
Is but to make the Foes he fears his Friends.

Ipſ. We need not at his friendſhip much rejoyce:
He makes it of neceſſity, not choice.

Sol. The ſame neceſſity is ours, in part:
Friendſhip, my Lords, at Court, is grown an Art;
Here vows and proteſtations have no force;
Your Servant, and your Slave, are words of courſe;
What e're they ſay, we are not to believe;
He's the beſt Courtier, that can beſt deceive.

Muf. Our ends we gain, what ever they deſign,
If all to Crown young *Mahomet* will joyn.
To chooſe a Succeſſor to us belongs.
We muſt leave him to right the *Sultan's* wrongs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen Mother and Young Queen.

Q. M. In the misfortune I've the greateſt ſhare;
Daughter, none knows a tender Mother's care! [*Weeps.*
I bury'd *Achmet*, yet the death of him
Ne're went ſo near my heart, as *Ibrahim.*

Y. Q. I am a Mother, and have been a Wife;
Yet ever found it an unequal ſtrife:
For, had the Gods decreed it, I had choſe
My Child, much rather than my Lord, to loſe.

Q. M. Shou'd Heaven that Tryal of your patience make,
I fear, you'd be convinc'd of your miſtake.

Y. Q. Madam, while theſe misfortunes you ſuggeſt,
You add more grief to my afflicted breaſt:
I look to ſee that fury, which begun
With the good Sultan, fall upon his Son.

Q. M. Kind Heaven divert thee from ſuch thoughts as theſe:
Diſtruſt, my Child, is the Soul's worſt diſeaſe,
A mortal ſymptom: when we once diſpair,
We the true Prophets of our ruins are.

Y. Q. The fatal Propheſies come all from you;
Who always find a way to make 'em true.

Q. M.

Q. M. O Heav'ns! that e're her Soul, by madneſs taught,
Shou'd entertain ſo barbarous a thought! [*Weeps*
Sure 'tis beyond diſtraction to believe
The ſtrange Chymera's that it does conceive.
Come Daughter, come, compoſe your ſelf to reſt,
And let more gentle thoughts poſſeſs your breaſt.
Cauſleſly hated! wrongfully accus'd!
Was ever Woman, by her Friends, ſo us'd! [*Weeps.*

Y. Q. What a falſe floud ſhe weeps! I, in that *Nile*,
Diſcern the baſe diſſembling *Crocodile:*
When you'd deſtroy, like them, abroad you come;
If you are ſorry, e'en go weep at home.

Q. M. My duty to my Children I muſt pay:
If you will alwayes doubt my love, you may.
Dear Child! kind Heaven provide your Son and you
A kinder Mother, and a Friend more true! [*Exit weeping.*

Y. Q. Alas, what *Amulet* can us defend
From the ſad miſcheifs, that her prayers attend?
The Witch prays backward, if ſhe prays at all;
Her tears, like Mildew, blaſt where e're they fall;
So ſhe appear'd, before the Sultan fell;
And left behind juſt ſuch a ſulph'rous ſmell.
And ſure that breath, which blaſted fruit full grown,
Will take off bloſſoms not yet fully blown.
I wiſh they would forbear to crown my Son;
I fear, they raiſe him but to pluck him down.
How happy Peaſants, in their Children are!
They're free from greatneſs, danger, and from care:
So happy ſhou'd we be, to live below,
If, with leſs pomp, we might more quiet know.
But to the Gods my ſelf I muſt commit:
I know what's pleaſant; they know what is fit. [*Exit.*

After ſhouts and acclamations without, the Scene being drawn; young Mahomet *is diſcover'd on a Throne, in Imperial Robes, attended by* Muſti, Solyman, Aga, Ipſir, Kuperli, Bectas, Kara, Kulcahai, *and ſeveral others; who, upon the opening of the Scene, make their obeiſance, and cry, Long live Sultan* Mahomet Han *the fourth. Then they all enter; and, after a hush made the Sultan ſpeaks.*

Mahe.

Mah. My Lords, and Gentlemen;
I thank you, ſince m' unhappy Father's dead,
That you are pleas'd to chuſe me in his ſtead:
My Lords, I thank you, that you have ſuppli'd
Me, and the Empire, with ſo wiſe a Guide.
I ask no power greater than you give;
I ask no boon, but that he may not live
By whoſe Rebellious hand my Father di'd;
'Tis a requeſt too juſt to be deni'd.
[*They all bow, in token of compliance.*
And if you pleaſe, my Lords, I'le recommend
This Gentleman, my Father's deareſt Friend, [*Kuperli* bows.
To that imployment: I believe he'll be
Equally kind to you, and juſt to me.
[Mufti, Soly. *and* Ipſir *bow*; Bect. Kara *and* Kul. *ſeem diſcontented.*
As to all other matters that relate
To Polities in Government or State,
I yield they're things above my years and skill,
I leave 'em all to the Queen-Mothers will:
So of her love and your advice aſſur'd,
From Foes and Rebels I ſhall reſt ſecur'd.

All. Long live *Sultan Mahomet Han* the Fourth.

[*Exit* Sultan; *follow'd by* Mufti, Soly. Viz *and* Ipſir.
Manent Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha *advance on Stage.*

Kara. A Boy! a Child! he *Viziers* conſtitute!
Nay, then 'tis time his power to diſpute.

Kul. Suppoſe the *Vizier* had been ſtill alive,
Muſt we our Leader up to Juſtice give?

Bect. You talk—

Kara. Yes; and that done, 'tis ods they wou'd have cry'd,
Follow your leader: ſo muſt we have di'd.

Kul. Nay, ten to one, our turn will be the next;
'Tis but a natural gloſs upon the Text.

Bect. You are ſo hot! pray, Gentlemen, be cool.—

Kara. Nay, you were all o' fire to Crown the Fool.

Bect. Puh! then, my Maſters, we ſhall ne're have done:
Can we, who kill'd the Father, die by th' Son?

Kul. Doubtleſs, the Youngſter has deſign'd it thus:
So we muſt die by him, or he by us.

Bect. Why,

Bect. Why, he muſt die, and 'tis reſolv'd he ſhall;
But you want patience to expect his fall.
We'll call a *Divan* privately to night,
And the new *Vizier* thither we'll invite:
Who either to his Murder muſt aſſent,
Or be a ſharer in his puniſhment.

Kara. Huſht!

Enter to them Kuperli, Ipſir, *and* Solyman.

Kuper. My Lord, you ſee th' Imperial firm we bring,
Subſcrib'd both by the Mother-Queen and King.
[*Gives* Bectas *a Paper.*
'Tis for the *Viziers* execution;
And we are ſtraitly charg'd to ſee it done.
To others, he has granted to enjoy
Their lives, their fortunes, and the ſame imploy;
Hoping that when his mercy they diſcern,
They will new duty and obedience learn.

Bect. The *Mufti*, Sir, did promiſe none ſhou'd die;
How e're, to ſhow how far we will comply
With your deſires, the *Vizier*, newly fled,
Shall be brought back again, alive or dead. [*Ex. Bect. Kara, Kal.*

Ipſir. Go, Traytors, go! their Viſage ſtill retains,
Under that Loyal Paint, Rebellious ſtains:
When they again a fit occaſion find,
You'l ſee which way the Villains are inclin'd.

Soly. Sir, they are men we never car'd to truſt;
Then 'twas not what we wou'd, but what we muſt:
Now they are ſmaller Wheels, and move with eaſe,
Faſter, or ſlower, as the greater pleaſe.

Ipſir. Yet ruſty and diſorder'd Wheels, too ſmall
To move the reſt, have pow'r to ſtop 'em all.

Kup. My Lords, in States-men I've obſerv'd it oft,
The ſmooth and oily only ſwim aloft;
While thoſe who of their Princes ſafety think,
And not their own; turn ſolid fools, and ſink.

Ipſir. 'Tis very true; none proſper well of late,
But the meer Rogues, the Weather-cocks of State:
The Wealth which in Rebellious times they gain'd,
Has favour in ſucceeding Courts obtain'd:
The Royaliſt in vain to Court does go;

The Rogue that made him needy, keeps him ſo.

Soly. I hope, and doubt not, but you, generous Sir,
Will only ſuch as well deſerve prefer.
On you alone the Empires hopes depend;
You, the Kings Safeguard, and the Subjects Friend.

Kup. I'll tell you, Sir, we blame the Emperour
Sometimes for things that are not in his pow'r,
In ſpight of him, and his: 'twas ſo of old,
And 'tis ſo ſtill, Preferment goes with Gold:
We never can with all our care avoid,
But ſome rich Villains will be ſtill imploid.

Ipſir. I, Sir, you ſee, with all that we cou'd do,
Theſe Rogues get Pardon, and Preferment too:
The Men for gain, and Women for their ſport,
Prefer a thouſand Raſcals to the Court.

Enter Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha, *with the* Viziers *Head, as if they were wounded.*

Bect. Sir, he reſiſted ſo, we cou'd contrive
No way to bring him back with us alive:
By this, I hope, you are convinc'd he's dead,
For all who knew the *Vizier*, know his Head.

[Kuperli *takes his head in his hand.*

Kup. This is that ſubtil Head that underſtood,
How to be great, and ev'ry thing, but good:
Nay, that he knew; but knowledge was his curſe:
He knew the better, but he choſe the worſe.

Soly. He ſeems to frown. How di'd he? penitent?
Some time you ſhou'd have given him to repent.

Kara. He with ſuch gallant reſolution di'd,
That in his death his life he juſtifi'd.

Ipſir. Damn'd Impudence! by my conſent, you ſhou'd
All juſtifie your Treaſon with your bloud. [*Aſide.*
I to the Sultan will this Head convey;
Perhaps he'l now be wrought upon t' obey.

Kup. I'll tell the King how much you are his Friends:
He'll, for this action, make you ſome amends.

Ipſir. Amends! hang em.

[Exeunt *with the Head, all but* Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha.

Bect. Bubbles! meer Bubbles! theſe are hopeful Youths,
To truſt our Lies, who won't believe their Truths!

Kara.

Kara. Poor easie Gulls! when e're they see their blood,
Like Children whipt, they think 'tis for their good.
Kul. Nay, we shall quickly find 'em fresh assaults,
If once they learn to thank us for our faults:
They a fine Sheepish Principle maintain,
To live in quiet, and at last be slain.
Bect. They shall, they shall; they are for slaughter fit:
They'l give us thanks for teaching of 'em wit.
Repenting at their deaths of living well,
They go at last like pious fools to Hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Solyman, Mufti, Ipsir, *and* Vizier, Kuperli.

Ipsir. JAnizar *Aga* for the *Vizier* send!
What can this saucy impudence intend?
Why a *Divan* to night? Rogues! Villains! Tricks!
Sons of the Devil, all inspir'd by *Styx!*
Mufti. Your mighty Spirit, Sir, you must contain.
Soly. They're Scandal-proof, you rail at them in vain.
Ipsir. You shall not go at every Rascals call;
Th' invite you, Sir, to your Funeral.
Kup. I know the danger, and I know the cure;
Shame, and the worst of death, I can endure
To serve my Country; but to save my King,
How gladly wou'd I be an Offering!
Mufti. Can you, Sir, at their business give a guess?
Ipsir. 'Tis some damn'd piece of new-hatch'd wickedness.
Kup. I know their business must be Villany;
Mine's only in appearance to comply:
To all they can propose I must assent;
'Tis the best way their Counsels to prevent.
Shou'd I absent my self, they'l grow more bold,
And act their Hellish mischiefs uncontroul'd.
My Lords, 'tis your concern, as well as mine,
To find out what you can of their design.
Therefore, I hope, while I to *Bect as* go,
You'l be imploid in the *Seraglio:*
So their intention being fully known,

We ſhall with greater eaſe effect our own. [*Exit.*

Ipſir. Is it not pity ſuch a man ſhou'd die?
For he's all Soul, his Soul all Loyalty!

Soly. A gallant man! great, valiant, good and wiſe,
One that hates Vice, and ſcorns his Enemies.

Mufti. Something our Prophet highly does diſpleaſe,
If ſuch a man die by ſuch hands as theſe:
However, this will be his laſting pride,
No man liv'd better, none more Nobly di'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kuperli.

Kup. So many thouſand *Janizaries* arm'd,
An I not the City, nor the Court alarm'd!
They ſeem ſhut up in private rooms of Hell,
Until, Granado-like, they burſt the ſhell.
Shall I retreat? No, I defie 'em, ſince
While I expoſe my ſelf, I ſave my Prince.

Scene open'd, appears Bectas, Kara, Kulcaiha, *with ſeveral others, ſeated as at Council*: Bect. *ſeeing* Kup. *riſes and comes on the Stage; the reſt ſit ſtill.*

Bect. Come, Sir, we want your Head-piece, to debate
A little Quirk that we have found in State.

Kup. Sir, I am honour'd, that you think me fit
Among ſuch wiſe and learned Heads to ſit,
Who are above m' advice; but I'll ſupply
My want of wiſdome with fidelity.

Bect. Nay, Sir, for that —— The buſineſs, Sir, in ſhort,
Concerns the greateſt perſon in the Court.
We find the young and new elected King,
A poor, infirm, conſumptive, ſilly thing;
His younger Brother *Solyman*, we find
Majeſtick in his perſon, and his mind:
To you the Empire does it ſelf ſubmit,
Whether of theſe to Reign you think moſt fit.

Kup. Alas, Sir, I have ſaid a thouſand times,
This Fool will build his Fame upon his Crimes:
In *Solyman*, an outward Shape we ſee
Fit for his Soul, and both for Majeſty:
Then for our Canons, Sir, we find they are
Greatly deficient, and irregular;
For Boys from divers Nations we collect,

To

To ſerve the Sultan, and our own neglect.
Kup. Sir, theſe are things we ought to regulate,
Or they will prove the ruine of the State;
For we beſtow upon a Chriſtian Slave
That Bread a *Janizari*'s Child ſhou'd have:
Not to be ſuffer'd! — When do you proceed
To act what you ſo juſtly have decreed?
Bect. To morrow, at a General *Divan*,
We have reſolv'd to Crown young *Solyman*:
What with the preſent Sultan we ſhall do,
Is not decreed; we leave it, Sir, to you.
Kup. By that time I ſhall my Opinion give,
Whether 'tis beſt for him to die, or live:
So what we do by general conſent,
Will not like Treaſon look, but puniſhment. [*Exit.*
Bect. Poor Head of Wax! he's ſoft, and apt to take
Any impreſſion we deſire to make.——
[*The* Divan *breaks up*, Kara *and* Kul. *come on the Stage.*
Come, come, the buſineſs is concluded on.
Kul. I hope, my Lord, the *Vizier* is not gone!
Bect. What ſhou'd we ſtay him for? he has agreed
To all we wiſh'd, and more than we decreed.
What ever I propos'd as beſt to do,
I cou'd not ſpeak it e're he thought ſo too.
Alas! he found the Sultan wanted wit,
And always judg'd young *Solyman* more fit.
Kara. And wou'd you truſt a man afraid to die?
Bect. Poor honeſt fool! he's more afraid to lye.
Kul. Sir, ſhou'd he come, and our deſigns prevent,
Your eaſie nature you wou'd then repent.
Bect. Poor Mouſe! he'l make a dreadful Foe indeed!
Kara. Sir, by the Mouſe the Lyon has been freed.
Bect. What ſilly fancy does your mind diſtract?
Can he that dares not think, have Soul to act?
But, grant him Valiant, Wiſe, and Popular,
A head in Peace, and a right hand in War:
(Come you are learned men I find!) which way
Will he an Army raiſe by break of day?
Kul. I know not that; but, when you let him go,
I'm ſure you gave him pow'r to be your Foe.

Kara. And

Kara. And I am ſure who is, or wou'd be wiſe,
Shou'd not his meaneſt Enemy deſpiſe:
They 've ſometimes wit enough to undermine,
Who have not ſtrength to pull down a deſign.

Bect. Fancy, the careful Parent of your fears,
Turns harmleſs Sheep to Lyons, and to Bears.

Kul. I wiſh that Reaſon Fancy lulls aſleep,
Find not thoſe Lyons which you took for Sheep.

Bect. Away, away! I am aſham'd to hear
Souldiers, and men of Arms, ſo prone to fear.
With *Kioſem* we are to ſpend this night,
In Muſick, Wine, and all that may delight:
To morrow we will Crown young *Solyman*;
Let *Kuperli* prevent us if he can.
When Rebels have authority and force,
He'l find it difficult to ſtop the Source.
But he intends not what you vainly dream:
He's not ſo mad to ſtrive againſt the Stream. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kuperli.

Kup. Thanks to kind Heav'n, I have eſcap'd their rage:
What ſhifts I us'd their fury to aſſwage!
I ly'd, I flatter'd, and abus'd my Lord:
Fool did I call him? — O diſloyal word!
Pardon, dear Prince, the errour I confeſs,
Since of two dangerous ills I choſe the leſs.

Enter Solyman, *as in the dark, with* Mufti *and* Ipſir.

Who's there?

Soly. Who calls? it is the *Viziers* voice.

Ipſir. Sir, at your ſafe return I much rejoyce.

Muf. What news from *Bectas*, Sir?

Kup. Such news, my Lords,
As will with deepeſt ſtains blot our Records.
The Queen, and her Adherents, do ordain,
That our dread Lord ſhall be depos'd, or ſlain,
And that his Brother *Solyman* ſhall Reign.

Ipſir. O Hell-hounds! can their bloody minds be bent
Againſt a Prince ſo brave and Innocent?

Soly. They Crown'd him firſt, as if they did deſpiſe
A Subject, as too mean a Sacrifice.

Mufti. Kind Heav'n protect us from theſe men of blood,

Who

Who think all guilty that are great and good.
Kup. My Lords, to morrow early they intend
Their Tragedy ſhall both begin and end:
To night of ſafety they themſelves aſſure;
Both in my weakneſs, and my faith ſecure:
Now therefore let us take the ſafeſt courſe,
And, with our ſubtilty, prevent their force.
It matters not whether ſuch Enemies
Be overcome by valour or ſurprize.
Ipſir. Traytors, like Lyons, we muſt ſleeping take;
They're dangerous Creatures when they are awake.
Soly. The Queen to night a Banquet does prepare;
And I believe they are expected there:
For to her Lodgings, as I took my round,
The Privy-Garden door unlock'd I found:
For which I cou'd no reaſon underſtand,
But that 'twas left ſo by the Queens Command.
Mufti. And all her Rooms ſeem hung with joyful light,
That guilds the chearful face of vanquiſh'd Night:
Repeated Healths they drink, and Glaſſes large,
By Muſick quickned every time they charge.
Kup. Their Songs the Prologues of their Slaughters are;
Like Trumpets, when they ſound a point of War.
Mufti. This only opportunity we have,
Our Lord's, our own, and Childrens lives to ſave.
Let us with haſte to the young Sultan go,
To tell him all we fear, and all we know;
That back'd with his Authority, we may
Meet with no Guards t' oppoſe us in our way:
So we an eaſie Conqueſt ſhall obtain,
While they, unarm'd, reſiſt us but in vain.
Soly. To night we muſt the fatal quarrel end;
On this one action all our hopes depend:
Which, if ſucceſful, brings a double good;
Preſerves our Princes Crown, and Peoples blood. [*Exeunt.*

Scene drawn, diſcovers the T. *Queen and Sultan aſleep on a Pallet: At the opening of the Scene they awake, and come on the Stage.*

T. Q. How ſlept my Son and Lord? did not you find
A pleaſing Greatneſs hanging on your mind?

Between

Between the weight and luſtre of a Crown,
Were you not lifted up, and then caſt down?

Mab. Madam, Alas! I find the Dreams of Kings,
And thoſe of Subjects, are far different things;
Before ſome ſport my Childiſh Soul poſſeſt,
Which now I find with manly cares depreſt:
Then did I entertain my mind with toys;
But now I dream of things unfit for Boys.

Y. Q. What dream't my ſweeteſt Lord?

Mab. Madam, methought
Your ſelf and I were to a Valley brought,
Solemn, obſcure, and private; ſeparate
From all the World, and ſtil'd the Houſe of Fate:
There, at our entrance, I my Father met;
He look'd ſo pale — methinks I ſee him yet.

Y. Q. In what a ſweet amazement he appears!
His courage gives a luſtre to his tears.

Mab. By him there ſat a Monarch all of Bone;
His Scepter was a Dart, a Tomb his Throne.
This angry Prince in ſmiles with horrour mixt,
On both of us his hollow Sockets fixt;
And my poor Father ſhook his careful Head,
As I conceive he wou'd have had us fled:
I cry'd, and ſtrove; but fear withheld me ſo,
Methought I wanted pow'r and ſtrength to go.

Y. Q. O where will this unlucky Omen end!
What can ſuch Dreams in ſuch a Child portend!

Mab. At laſt, the Prince his fatal arm held out;
Then drew it back, as if he were in doubt,
Whether 'twere beſt my life to take, or ſave:
When loe, a Shape more aged, and more grave;
One that more pity had, and more command,
Stept in, and bad him ſtay his doubtful hand:
Daughter, ſaid he to you, and *Child* to me,
Return; till Seventy Nine, and Eighty Three,
You have no buſineſs here: go, live and Reign;
Who my Decrees oppoſe, oppoſe in vain.

Y. Q. His kindneſs ſomewhat does abate my fear,
How arm'd, and how attir'd did he appear?

Mab. From his bald head hung down a Lock before;

His

His hand an uncouth crooked weapon bore.
Upon his ſhoulders two fair Wings there grew;
In haſte he ſeem'd, and while he ſpoke he flew.
Y. Q. If I interpret not your dream amiſs,
There lies a pretty myſtery in this.
Mah. If dreams have in them any thing divine,
I wou'd be glad to know th' event of mine.
Y. Q. My Lord, the Skeleton you ſaw was death:
The Valley ſo obſcure, the ſhades beneath;
Old time was he, that all his care employ'd
To ſave you, ready then to be deſtroy'd:
And, having got the advantage in the ſtrife,
Promis'd to give you many years of life.
Mah. Had he his kindneſs ſpar'd, I'd been content:
I'm ſure I ne're can die more innocent.

Enter a Woman attendant, who ſeems to tell the Queen ſomething of importance in ſign.

Y. Q. More ill news to diſturb our ſhort delight!
What can their buſineſs be ſo late at night?

Enter Mufti, Solyman, Ipſir, Kuperli, *and ſeveral others.*

Muf. We come, Dread Sir, to ſhew your Cauſe we own,
And to ſecure your Perſon and your Throne.
Ipſ. This is the minute, which if you neglect,
A ſudden ruin, Sir, you muſt expect.
Mah. My Lords, can you a remedy adviſe,
When you have told me where the danger lies?
Kup. Sir, 'tis the chiefeſt of Phyſitians laws,
In all diſtempers to remove the cauſe:
Some ſuperficial cures this State has found;
We never ſearch'd the bottom of the wound.
Solym. The gangrin, Sir, through the chief limbs is ſpread;
And will, 'tis fear'd, e're morning reach the head.
Y. Q. There's danger in theſe myſteries of State:
I alwayes dread a way that's intricate.
Mah. My Lords I queſtion not your skill or care:
Methinks your terms of Art myſterious are.
Kup. Great Sir, my ſelf more fully to explain;
While the Queen lives, you cannot ſafely reign:
'Twas ſhe that did your Father's death contrive;

Tis ſhe that will not ſuffer you to live:
Yet ſhe her Helliſh Treaſons does conceal
Under falſe love, and counterfeited zeal.
Mah. Sir, do not her, your ſelf, or me abuſe;
Nor falſly aged Innocence accuſe.
Kup. I do not, Sir; what I affirm, is true:
I never ly'd, but once, to reſcue you.
Bellas, by her command grown impudent,
To the *Divan*, for me in private ſent;
And there his bloody Treaſon he began,
Of Murdering you, and Crowning *Solyman*:
This, with the Queen's authority, he back'd;
And this to morrow he reſolves to act.
Y. Q. My deareſt Lord, now call your Dream to mind;
This is that very time that was ſo kind;
And you muſt either quickly be adviſ'd,
Or look, by ſudden death, to be ſurpriſ'd.
Mah. If they a ſtrength more pow'rful have than mine
What ſhall we do to hinder their deſign?
Muſ. Sir, to the Queen's Apartment we muſt go.
Kup. There we, unlook'd for, ſhall ſupriſe the Foe;
Whoſe ſlender force we ſhall with eaſe deſtroy,
While they are overcharg'd with Wine and joy:
And if, with them, we apprehend the Queen,
Sir, you may gueſs how guilty ſhe has been.
Mah. Go; and, if poſſible, a way contrive
To bring the Queen, with all her Friends, alive:
So ſhall our ſentence on our Laws be built;
And they find Deaths proportion'd to their guilt.
Succeeding times of them ſhall never ſay,
That Power, but Juſtice, took their lives away.
Ipſ. For a free paſſage, Sir, ſo late at night,
Your Signet Royal will be requiſite;
Leſt, while the Centinels and outward Guard
Diſpute our pow'r, they our deſign retard.
Muſ. My Lord, unleſs my ſlender Judgment fail,
Paper Commiſſions nothing will avail:
You, with this paſſ-port, ſafely, and unſeen, [*Gives him a Key.*
May go to th' inward Lodgings of the Queen:
Elſe, you may Conquer, but can ne're Surpriſe;

For

For that way they expect no Enemies.

T. Q. Mufti, I think you have no buſineſs there;
You, by advice, will be more uſeful here.
Go; and the Gods your juſt endeavours bleſs,

All. In ſuch a cauſe, we doubt not of ſucceſs.

T. Q. Kind Heav'n our Friends protect, aſſiſt, and guide;
And let the Juſteſt, be the ſtrongeſt ſide. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Scene drawn, diſcovers a Room hung all with black; the Old Queen, Lenteſia, Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha *ſeated; while ſeveral of the Royal Party are plac'd in Order, with Coffins before them, on which ſtand a dim Taper, and Mutes ſtanding ready as to ſtrangle them; then Enter eight or ten Blackmoors, dreſt like Fiends, and dance an Antic; having done, they go out, and after fearful groans and horrid ſhriekings; ſome of them return with burnt Wine, which they fill out in Sculls to the King's Friends, who, as faſt as they drink, dy: at which the Queen and all the reſt ſeem pleas'd. The Queen, and company, riſe; and, as they are coming on the Stage,* Kioſem *ſays*—

Q. M. Hence we may learn Mans frailty: ſoon or late,
The greateſt and the wiſeſt yield to Fate! [*Sighs.*

Bect. They can no more contribute to our mirth;
And now, dull ſouls! they're only fit for Earth. [*Scene cloſes.*

Kara. How pleaſant 'twas to ſee the Rogues dead drunk!
Their Souls, with meer imagination, ſunk.

Kul. Nay, truly they were hopeful men of Arms!
Whom you might fright to death with ſhows and Charms.

The Sultan's *Ghoſt appears, leading Death by the hand: He paſſes the ſtage, beck'ning them ſeverally.*

Bect. I never knew till now what 'twas to fear.
S'death, who are you? or, what's your buſineſs here?

While they all Stare, and ſeem amaz'd, a noiſe without, and the door on a ſudden broke open; then Enter, with their Swords drawn, Kuperli, Ipſir, *and* Soylman, *with ſeveral Soldiers:* Lenteſia *ſnatches up a Piſtol, and kills one of them.*

Len. Dy, Raſcals, ſome of you, for being ſo rude
In to the Queen's retirements to intrude.

They ſeize Bectas, Kara, *and* Kulcaiha *ere they can draw: as the Queen offers to eſcape, they lay hold on her.*

Solym. Take not this Office ill, as from my hand,
I do it, Madam, by the Kings command.

Q. M. Not I: what e're it be, good news you bring,
Since 'tis the will and pleaſure of my King:
He ſhall command my life, and all I have;
Alas, I am his Creature, and his Slave.

Kup. What ſhall we do, my Lord? I am afraid, } *Ironically to* Bectas.
Our Plot againſt the Sultan is betray'd!

Bect. O Hell and Furies! mock me to my Face!
Muſt I die unreveng'd for this diſgrace? [*ſtruggles.*

Ipſ. Are you ſo full of venome, and ſo ſtout?
Sir, we ſhall find a way to let it out.

Kul. Are theſe your ſheep? Now *Bectas*, do you ſee
The ſad effect of your credulity?

Enter the Sultan, *with the* Y. Q. Mufti *and Attendants.*

Kup. Theſe are the Traytors, Sir, they need not plead;
Our proofs they by their Confeſſion ſuperſede.

Bect. What ſhould we plead for? mercy from a Child!
We ſcorn to have our deaths ſo much defil'd.

Y. Q. Sure they deſpair, their impudence is ſuch;
They're cloy'd with mercy they have found ſo much.

Muf. They ſlight old torments we muſt find out new:
The worſt of deaths is to ſuch Villains due.

Mah. Convey 'em to the darkeſt Cells you have;
While theſe are living they deſerve a Grave:
When dead, their loathſome Carkaſſes i'th' womb
Of ravenous Birds and Beaſts ſhall find a Tomb.

Kar. and Kul. O Sir!

Bect. O Cowards! let him do his worſt,
And live in laſting torments more accurſt.

} If Sir, *and* Solyman, *with Souldiers, carrying of 'em off, and in a ſhort time return with a Blackmoor. A Throne plac'd: The King and Queen ſeated.*

Mah. Now, *Kuperli*, let *Kioſem* be brought,
That we may rightly underſtand her fault.

Queen Mother brought as a Priſoner.

Q. M. Aſſiſt me Heav'n and clear my innocence!
Can I be privy thought to their offence?
But who can me from miſery protect?

Theſe

Thoſe moſt unhappy are, whom you ſuſpect. [*Weeps.*

Mah. For your ſuſpicion there is too much ground,
Since reveling with Traytors you were found.

Q. M. Oh! had I known the rancor of their Souls,
Poyſon, inſtead of Wine, had fill'd their bowls.
They came to me as Friends, but now I find
Their fury on us all they had deſign'd.

Mah. My Lord, without a ſtronger proof, I fear
Her condemnation will unjuſt appear.

Ipſ. Sir, here's a Slave of hers, who has confeſt
Some of her Crimes, and you may hear the reſt.

[*Preſenting the* Moor.

Muſ. Sirrah confeſs the truth, and you ſhall live:
The King, in Slaves can any fault forgive.

Moor. Dread Sir, the Queen, with *Bectas* and the reſt,
Thought good this night to make a Royal Feaſt:
She, for her better entertainment, ſends
For many Nobles, as her cheifeſt Friends;
All who, for being Royaliſts ſhe ſlew:
This by the holy Alchoran, is true.

Q. M. Pray Heaven a ſudden vengeance to withold
From a raſh Slave, ſo perjur'd and ſo bold.

Moor. Sir, that you may not my bare word believe,
Your ſenſes let her, if ſhe can, deceive.

Scene drawn, appears as it was left.

Kup. O horrid ſpectacle! now, Sir, you ſee
The ſolemn Triumphs of her Cruelty.

They all riſe and ſurvey the Bodies: ſee the Vizier *and* Flatra.

T. Q. Are theſe the entertainments that ſhe makes,
Wo be to him, that of ſuch Feaſts partakes!

Mah. Shut up the doors; her guilt we ſee too plain,
For which we muſt this puniſhment ordain:
In ſome dark Dungeon, where no Sun does ſhine,
Let her to death with thurſt and hunger pine.
We nothing by her miſery ſhall get,
Alas, ſhe is too wicked to die yet.
Thus we her Soul from torments may releaſe:
And ſhe at laſt may enter into peace.

Q. M. Do not my life in miſery prolong:

Such

Such kindneſs, Sir, will be the greateſt wrong.
Death ne're was dreadful to the innocent;
Yet you, in mercy, my full joyes prevent.
Muſt. When you can better teſtimonies give
That you are fit to die, you ſhall not live.
Go, go together and repent betimes:
Your daies are few; and many are your crimes.
Lent. Madam, with you moſt willingly I go:
I would be guilty, ſince they think you ſo.
Q. M. Oh will not injur'd Heav'n, e're we go hence,
Show, by ſome Miracle, our Innocence?
The Gods protect you, Sir, when I am dead,
Poor harmleſs Youth, I think——
Ipſ. She has diſſembled with her ſelf ſo long,
That now her treach'rous heart deludes her tongue.
Soly. I never ſuch hypocriſie obſerv'd:
It feeds her fancy, when her hopes are ſtarv'd
Kup. Now, Sir, I hope the danger's at an end:
We'l to the Armed *Janizaries* ſend,
Who, when the late defeat they underſtand,
In likelihood will, of themſelves disband:
If not, within theſe Walls you are ſecure,
Till from abroad we new ſupplies procure.
Mah. My Lords, and you, Sir, in perticular,
I thank you for your Loyalty and care.
While I have hearts ſo ſtout, and heads ſo wiſe,
One to attaque, the other to adviſe;
I look upon my ſelf as abſolute;
Nor will I ſafety or ſucceſs diſpute.
Y. Q. For me a double kindneſs you have done;
Reveng'd my Husband, and preſerv'd my Son:
My Lord ſuch favours never can forget;
I hope he'l live to pay his Mother's debt.
Muſ. Madam, the virtuous and the Loyal mind
Within it ſelf its own reward does find.
Great Souls are kinds of Deities, that ſtill
Preſerve what's good, and puniſh what is ill. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SWel'd big with expectation you did come
To ſee us act our great affairs at home;
Papiſts accus'd, and Satyrs againſt ROME.
That might have pleas'd,— but ſtill the modeſt ſtage
Forbears to repreſent the preſent age.
Let forreign ſtories matter here ſupply,
Old Tales and known are beſt for Tragedy.
Beſides I think the buſineſs of our Nation
Too ſad a Theam to paſs for Recreation.
Let us be mute till the whole truth comes out,
Not like the Rable at Execution ſhout.
Heathens that knew but juſt morality.
Pitti'd the Guilty when they came to die:
Barbarians *at ſuch Sights did ſhow regret,*
How far are we then from Religion yet!
Religion teaches mildneſs in her Lawes,
Triumph ſuſpition upon juſtice drawes.
Go then contented hence with what you've ſeen,
Fancy you have two hours in Turky *been;*
This was no Popiſh Plot, *yet* Engliſh *too,*
For to ſay truth it was our Plot *on you.*

Written by Mr. *Edw. Ravenſcroft.*

FINIS

Such kindneſs, Sir, will be the greateſt wrong.
Death ne're was dreadful to the innocent;
Yet you, in mercy, my full ioyes prevent.

IRREGULAR PAGINATION

Q. M. Oh will not injur'd Heav'n, e're we go hence,
Show, by ſome Miracle, our Innocence?
The Gods protect you, Sir, when I am dead,
Poor harmleſs Youth, I think——

Ipſ. She has diſſembled with her ſelf ſo long,
That now her treach'rous heart deludes her tongue.

Soly. I never ſuch hypocriſie obſerv'd:
It feeds her fancy, when her hopes are ſtarv'd

Kup. Now, Sir, I hope the danger's at an end:
We'l to the Armed *Janizaries* ſend,
Who, when the late defeat they underſtand,
In likelihood will, of themſelves disband:
If not, within theſe Walls you are ſecure,
Till from abroad we new ſupplies procure.

Mah. My Lords, and you, Sir, in perticular,
I thank you for your Loyalty and care.
While I have hearts ſo ſtout, and heads ſo wiſe,
One to attaque, the other to adviſe;
I look upon my ſelf as abſolute;
Nor will I ſafety or ſucceſs diſpute.

Y. Q. For me a double kindneſs you have done;
Reveng'd my Husband, and preſerv'd my Son:
My Lord ſuch favours never can forget;
I hope he'l live to pay his Mother's debt.

Muſ. Madam, the virtuous and the Loyal mind
Within it ſelf its own reward does find.
Great Souls are kinds of Deities, that ſtill
Preſerve what's good, and puniſh what is ill. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SWel'd big with expectation you did come
To ſee us act our great affairs at home;
Papiſts accus'd, and Satyrs againſt ROME.
That might have pleas'd,— but ſtill the modeſt ſtage
Forbears to repreſent the preſent age.
Let forreign ſtories matter here ſupply,
Old Tales and known are beſt for Tragedy.
Beſides I think the buſineſs of our Nation
Too ſad a Theam to paſs for Recreation.
Let us be mute till the whole truth comes out,
Not like the Rable at Execution ſhout.
Heathens that knew but juſt morality.
Pitti'd the Guilty when they came to die:
Barbarians *at ſuch Sights did ſhow regret,*
How far are we then from Religion yet!
Religion teaches mildneſs in her Lawes,
Triumph ſuſpition upon juſtice drawes.
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Written by Mr. *Edw. Ravenſcroft.*

FINIS

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Death ne're was dreadful to the innocent;
Yet you, in mercy, my full joyes prevent.
Muſt. When you can better teſtimonies give
That you are fit to die, you ſhall not live.
Go, go together and repent betimes:
Your daies are few; and many are your crimes.
Lent. Madam, with you moſt willingly I go:
I would be guilty, ſince they think you ſo.
Q. M. Oh will not injur'd Heav'n, e're we go hence,
Show, by ſome Miracle, our Innocence?
The Gods protect you, Sir, when I am dead,
Poor harmleſs Youth, I think——
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To see us act our great affairs at home;
Papists accus'd, and Satyrs against ROME.
That might have pleas'd,— but still the modest stage
Forbears to represent the present age.
Let forreign stories matter here supply,
Old Tales and known are best for Tragedy.
Besides I think the business of our Nation
Too sad a Theam to pass for Recreation.
Let us be mute till the whole truth comes out,
Not like the Rable at Execution shout.
Heathens that knew but just morality.
Pitti'd the Guilty when they came to die:
Barbarians *at such Sights did show regret,*
How far are we then from Religion yet!
Religion teaches mildness in her Lawes,
Triumph suspition upon justice drawes.
Go then contented hence with what you've seen,
Fancy you have two hours in Turky *been;*
This was no Popish Plot, *yet* English *too,*
For to say truth it was our Plot *on you.*

Written by Mr. *Edw. Ravenscroft.*

FINIS